

# The GRAIL



# The Grail

Volume 25, No. 12

DECEMBER, 1943

## IN THIS ISSUE

Men of Our Word .....	<i>Jerome Palmer, O.S.B.</i>	389
To Mary Immaculate—America Calling Again .....	<i>Marie Lauck</i>	391
Quotations and Poets .....	<i>James Aldredge</i>	393
In Mary's Lap .....	<i>Placidus Kempf, O.S.B.</i>	394
Between the Lines .....	<i>H. C. McGinnis</i>	397
Welcome .....	<i>Albert Kleber, O.S.B.</i>	397
Gospel Movies .....	<i>Placidus Kempf, O.S.B.</i>	398
When Advent Comes .....	<i>Conrad Louis, O.S.B.</i>	400
Brothers of Mary (Photograph) .....		401
The Birthday of a Child .....	<i>Julia W. Wolfe</i>	403
Modern Bethlehem .....	<i>Paschal Boland, O.S.B.</i>	403
The Advent Liturgy and Peace .....	<i>Bonaventure Knaebel, O.S.B.</i>	404
Your Christmas Crib .....	<i>Placidus Kempf, O.S.B.</i>	404
Up by Big Butte .....	<i>Mary Lanigan Healy</i>	406
The Quest for Truth .....		410
Archbishop on Air .....		411
Meditorials .....	<i>Paschal Boland, O.S.B.</i>	412
Aunt Tish Has a Major Operation .....	<i>Frances Denham</i>	413
Christian Democracy .....	<i>H. C. McGinnis</i>	415
The World's Best Seller .....		417
Let's Browse Around .....		419

## THE GRAIL

(Title Registered in U. S. Patent Office)  
Member of the Catholic Press Association

## EDITORIAL BOARD

### EDITOR

Rev. Jerome Palmer, O.S.B.

### ASSOCIATE EDITOR

Rev. Walter Sullivan, O.S.B.

### MANAGING EDITOR

Rev. Paschal Boland, O.S.B.

### ASSISTANT

Rev. Donald Walpole, O.S.B.

THE GRAIL is edited and published monthly with episcopal approbation by the Benedictine Fathers at St. Meinrad, Indiana. Subscription price \$1.00 a year: Canada \$1.25. Foreign \$1.50. Entered as second-class matter at St. Meinrad, Indiana, U.S.A. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage section 1103, October 3, 1917; authorized June 5, 1919.

THE GRAIL,  
ST. MEINRAD, INDIANA

We employ no agents.

THE GRAIL maintains an office at 341 Madison Ave., New York City, under the management of Mrs. Marie H. Doyle. Phone MU 6-7096. THE GRAIL's eastern representative, the Rev. Charles Dudine, O.S.B., can be reached through this office. Personal calls relative to the magazine and to the Knights of the Grail will be given courteous and prompt attention. Literary contributions should be sent directly to

THE GRAIL, Benedictine Fathers,  
St. Meinrad, Indiana.

# MEN OF OUR WORD

*Jerome Palmer, O.S.B.*



AMERICAN Catholics on December 8 will be renewing their pledge to support the Legion of Decency. They will pledge to attend only such shows as can be recommended as morally clean and free from vice. As the pledge will be read at nearly all the Masses on that day, a Holy Day of Obligation, or on the Sunday within the octave, it is reasonable to suppose that the great majority of the more than twenty million Catholics will declare their intention of staying away from objectionable shows. Assuming that these millions mean what they say and will carry out their intention, the financial returns on some films are going to be notably less than they would be on a decent picture.

Even if here and there some after promising have failed to live up to their pledge, either because they lacked the will to keep a promise or because they considered themselves better judges of right and wrong than the appointed reviewers, it is certainly admitted that the rating given a movie has much to do with its success in the box office. For this our congratulations to the Catholic as well as to the non-Catholic people who have cooperated with the Legion of Decency. They have given their word of honor to help to do a job, and in typical American fashion, they have been "men of their word." Without any other check on their fidelity than their conscience,

children, youths, and their elders are found consulting their local papers or parish bulletins for the rating of an advertised movie, and then proceeding to support the clean and to boycott the unclean.

What sometimes seems dissent, though it is only a matter of interpretation, arises from the terminology used in the classification of shows. All agree that class A-1 is fit for everyone to see; all agree, too, that class C is fit for no one to see. But the divergence of opinion comes in interpreting class A-2 and class B. The first of these, A-2, is listed as "Unobjectionable for adults."

Are there two standards of morality, one for children and one for adults? Of course not. What is sinful *per se*, is wrong for adults as well as for children. But there are several reasons for dividing class A into two sections. Frightening situations and gruesome thrills may cause an adult no difficulty whatever, whereas the same picture may create a nervous condition for a child

which may be serious in its effects. There is no question here of *moral* quality, but the "objectionable" nature of the picture lies in its harmfulness to the nervous system of the child. Then, too, a highly entertaining picture for adults may not interest the child at all. Books that adults enjoy are not the kind usually that grade school children want.

But the more serious distinction is often questioned about the moral value of a picture which may be acceptable when viewed by an adult mind, but positively harmful when seen by a child. There is a difference in food administered to such widely separate ages, and it is



only reasonable that the mind demands a similar distinction. Again we are not considering anything in itself sinful. Let us suppose an educational picture has been released on social diseases. Let us suppose, too, that the picture has been produced under Catholic auspices; the commentator is a Catholic priest. The picture would still be unwholesome for children, whose curiosity might be unnecessarily aroused and the seeds of temptation planted. The understanding of a child is not sufficiently developed to make the necessary distinction and to draw the proper conclusions.

There is something quite different, however, in the pictures rated as Class B. These pictures are "objectionable in part." Many sincere Catholics wonder how anything can be objectionable in part without being entirely objectionable. A decayed apple, they say, even though there are sound spots in it, is still a rotten apple. And in a sense they are perfectly correct. But again there is always hope for a restoration in an ailing body if the heart is strong. Decayed teeth can be extracted or filled; a sick stomach can be treated; a diseased appendix can be removed. If a book has a bad picture or a bad chapter in it, we can condemn the offensive parts to extinction and save the book. One of the purposes of classifying a picture as "partly objectionable" is to have the picture withdrawn and corrected, and even if this is not done, to see that future pictures will avoid a repetition of the same mistake. This, of course, implies that a protest be registered to the offensive picture.

That a picture is rated Class B does not permit, much less encourage, attendance. (Whether the prohibition is binding under pain of mortal sin depends on the proximate occasion of sin which such a picture might be.) But such classification states to movie producers that we are not unreasonable in our demands and that we recognize merit where we find it. But the dazzling beauty of an artistic picture suffers from the grossness of the offensive parts as the beauty of a marble statue would be spoilt by a painted face.



EVERYONE, apart from any pledge or voluntary promise, is obliged to stay away from immoral pictures. This is an obligation arising from the natural law. This obligation existed before the Legion of Decency was organized and continues to bind independently of any classification made by the reviewers. Anyone who exposes himself without proportionate cause to the real danger of sin commits a sin of the same order as the sin of which he accepts the risk. The gravity of the sin varies from the simple fault of imprudence to mortal sin foreseen, consented to, and willed.

But how is one to know whether a picture is potentially such an occasion of sin? To help us form our consciences, there has been appointed at the request of the late Holy Father Pius XI a Catholic Commission

"The frequentation of motion pictures, even of those admissible, often diverts one from piety; dries up the interior spirit; dissipates the faculties; impels one to shun sacrifice, and develops sensuality."



to review and classify films. It is their estimate that serves to guide us to a prudent decision. We should have no difficulty in submitting our judgment to their decisions, since they are selected for their competence, authorized by the bishops, and motivated by the importance of their work to do it as conscientiously as possible.

Those who feel that more than "good" and "bad" in rating is superfluous, might recall that His Holiness, Pope Pius XI, stated in his encyclical letter on Motion Pictures—"Vigilanti Cura"—(June 29, 1936):

"...the people will be made clearly aware of which films are permitted to all, which are permitted with reservations, and which are harmful or positively bad." (Italics mine.)

The Legion of Decency is one of the most sane and balanced reform movements of our times. It does not suffer from prudish decisions, nor is it lax in its classifications. It shows no partiality, but with almost the mechanical objectivity of a traffic light, flashes red for a bad picture, green for a good picture, and an amber "caution" for those in between.

This should register at the box office of every theater. If the town has but one picture show, the general disapproval of bad pictures ought to compel the manager to show no more of them. If there are several or many show houses, prudent discrimination on the part of the public will create a keen competition resulting in either fewer bad theaters or a new policy of selecting films.

At the present time it is the opinion of many that pictures are becoming less and less entertaining and that subjects are chosen for their timeliness rather for any permanent good they can do the nation. But attendance continues partly out of habit, partly for lack of other diversion. There is not yet the kind of conscience in Hollywood that would select the best moral themes unless the pressure of a vigilant public were upon them. If you are a movie-goer, patronize only the best, the A-1, and be a man of your word.





## To Mary Immaculate -- America Calling Again!

*The author wishes to acknowledge gratefully her indebtedness to the Rev. Cyril Gaul, O.S.B., and Brother George Scherrer, S.M., for their assistance in preparing this article.*

**I**T IS peaceful, bright-plumaged Hawaii. Despite her will to attend piously to Divine Service, a demure Sister's eyes stray toward the chapel window. It is early service and the sun peeps gently over the horizon. The little nun cannot help thinking how unlike December are these pleasant mornings. The errant sharpness of the breeze reminds her, rather, of Indian Summer in her native Indiana. How like Paradise this country is!

Somehow through the next hours, the next days, indeed—the next long months, the little nun can remember few of her doings after that single orphan thought. She starts on her Sunday walk to teach Catechism—the Sunday's Catechism she will never finish. For this is December 7th, 1941, and out of the sky come thunder, man-made thunder, man-made lightning, destruction, and death.

The next dawning, as bright as ever, seems an age later. The unaccustomed sight of human gore have become, overnight, a routine sight. Hacked limbs hang limply from shattered human frames. Where before had been a pleasant face is little more than a tangled mass of flesh and a pathetic sign of assent as the gentle nuns repeat perfect acts of contrition, one after

another. Blood pours forth where before had been virginal peace, community walls shudder with distant reverberations as bombed constructions give way through the awful December Sunday. Teaching sisters nurse, and pray, become ghastly sick themselves, and return to nurse again. Japan has struck. America bleeds.

The weary dawning brings the Feast of the Immaculate Conception. Eyes bloodshot, scarce able to realize the monumental heights of the task they have accomplished, the nuns draw once more to the chapel. The Mass of the Virgin, on whom their selfless lives are modelled, begins.

The feast day awakens other scenes across the continent. Here scurry pompous figures. Here shout indignant dignitaries. Here blast ether waves and scarehead newlines. The capital dome totters with the impact. War is declared.

War! Blood! Atrocities, disease, and flames! Unholy connections these, certainly not the pictures to bring to mind the Incarnate beauty of that gentle Mother of Christ, herself immaculately conceived. Yet the pageant of colorful history that links our country with Our Lady is steeped in human suffering. The very fireworks of America's Fourth of July may be traced to annual fireworks on the eve of July 4th commemorating the feast of Our Lady of la Carolle, at Paris. This image when stabbed bled profusely. The annual fireworks was accompanied in the old country by enthusiastic burning of a wax

**Marie Lauck**

figure in effigy of the sacrilegious person who thus used his knife.

Blood in the eyes of his followers, Columbus smoothed mutinous sailors—potential killers—by calling on Mary Immaculate. To the strains of *Ave Maris Stella*, the *Santa Maria* churned over unknown seas and our land was found. "Conception," "Port Conception," "Holy Mary of the Immaculate Conception" became names of ports and islands as Columbus discovered them. Formally having placed himself under the protection of the Immaculate Conception, Columbus completed a second voyage to the new world and it was on December 8, 1493, that Father Juan Perez, of Columbus's party, said Mass on the island of Haiti, the first recorded Holy Mass celebrated in the new world.

Coronado, on the feast of Our Lady's Nativity, 1538, dubbed the Rio Grande "Our Lady's River." DeSoto found himself unable to influence the warlike natives except by prayer to the Virgin. His will read that a chapel in the new world be built "which shall have for its invocation 'Our Lady of the Conception.'" Continued treachery was met by the settlers at the hands of bloodthirsty Indians. At last, again on the Virgin's Nativity, 1565, a chapel "Nuestra de la Leche" was erected and the settlement of St. Augustine (Florida) began. This was the first of America's settlements to survive the constant painful reminders of scalp-hunters that settlers were unwanted. The record of America's battle for possession remains a gory picture and in 1680 DeVargas stands at bay among the Indians in Santa Fe. A vow to Our Lady to have her statue carried in solemn procession every year brought an unlooked-for advantage to his fight, and the procession has become an annual event even to present times.

No less painful was the march of the religious in their missionary endeavors in America. Torture, the tearing off of fingernails and fingers, toes, and limbs, slow crippling and final martyrdom greeted the Jesuits who came from France to the new mission field. And in their supreme trials, it was Mary Immaculate whose strength carried them through, whose intercession was most counted on. Father Brebeuf, S.J., in 1636 dedicated the mission among the Hurons to Mary under the title of Immaculate.

While Marquette's exploration gained notability, his devotion to Mary Immaculate speaks for itself: "Above all, I placed our voyage under the protection of the Blessed Virgin Immaculate, promising her that, if she granted us the favor of

discovering the great river (done June 17, 1673) I would give it the Name of the Conception, and that I would make the first mission that I would establish among the new people bear the same name. This I have already done among the Illinois."

The date from which his explorations began is significant: December 8th, 1672.\* In 1698, December 8th is again the date recorded for the celebration of Holy Mass on the land where later St. Louis was built. This was the first known occasion for the whites to brave the savage threat so far inland.

"To glorify the Blood of our Redeemer in the salvation of barbarians...to consecrate another gift to the Immaculate Virgin, His Mother" were the purposes of his travels here, according to the Jesuit from England, Andrew White. Perhaps he would never have arrived, but for the invocation of the Immaculate Conception when shipwreck threatened the Ark (1634) and the lash of waves drew blood from more than one fallen passenger. But blood had flowed in the Mother Country, as well. Priests had been forced into hiding. Mass had been celebrated in secret and had been the scene of massacre for those attending. What small threat, then, was the flow of blood at the hands of Indians, who, once befriended, were baptized in the new log Chapel of the Immaculate Conception in the virgin soil of Maryland, Saint Mary's Bay!

Bishop John Carroll, first to hold that high Catholic office in the New World, was consecrated Bishop on the Feast of the Assumption, 1780. He surrounded himself with churches, schools, and colleges called St. Mary's. He had the diocesan seal inscribed with Our Lady surrounded by stars. He died with the utterance that he had placed his people and the diocese under the Virgin's care. While Andrew White and his brethren had come to America in search of freedom from the bloody enforcement of Protestantism, there were Protestants in America as well. The Pilgrims, themselves Protestants, were called

"pilgrims" simply because they believed also in freedom of worship. For this belief the pilgrims, too, had been

scourged from refuge to refuge and finally had come to the American shores. Though they arrived in 1620, they were not the first to find refuge here. They ran across bones of white men whose earthly possessions included blessed objects: the rosary,

\* December 8th was declared a feast day of the universal Church in the eleventh century.

The picture on p. 391 is a copy of the wall fresco of the *Queen of the Apostles* in the Apostles' Mass Chapel at St. Meinrad, Indiana. It is the work of Dom Gregory De Wit, O.S.B.

the holy relics and medals, bits of rock carved with Norse characters and spelling out the *Ave Maria*.

But sticks and stones were thrown at the "papists." It took the powerful plea of beloved George Washington himself to put down the celebration of Pope's Day, when the Pope was, according to unholy custom, burned in effigy. Washington counted among his greatest friends the Catholic leaders of the day, was a beloved visitor at Georgetown University, and recognized the yearning for religious freedom in his followers, both Catholic and Protestant. In drafting the Declaration of Independence, Thomas Jefferson was influenced in his thinking by his friend, a priest.

As the dainty strains of the minuet faded before the clump of barn dancing boots, so the deliberate reasoning of America's Fathers was thrust aside by brute force. The tragedy of Democracy was its growing pains. Freedom was desired, but its rights and its duties were somewhat misunderstood.

Elections were bloody and deadly events, featuring the meeting of such organizations as Plug Uglies, Blood Tubs, the Bloody Eights, etc. Blood lusty mobs started fires to see the terrible fights between rival firemen. These fights invariably preceded

## QUOTATIONS AND POETS

### A Christmas Quiz

By James Aldredge

What's your I. Q. on Christmas verse by famous Catholic poets? Here is a quiz appropriate to this glad season. It is made up of a jumbled list of authors below, and beneath that a series of quotations. The object is to place the correct name in the blank after each quotation, choosing one from the list.

Every name that you get right counts 10 toward a total score of 100. If you can achieve a mark of 80 or better, your familiarity with Christmas poetry can hardly be questioned. Answers will be found on page 420.

Authors: Joseph Mohr, Hilaire Belloc, Richard Crashaw, John B. Tabb, Joyce Kilmer, Robert Southwell, Gilbert K. Chesterton, Aubrey De Vere, Louise Imogen Guiney, Lionel Johnson.

1. Poor folk that may my carol hear  
(*The bells ring single and the bells ring clear*),  
See! God's one child had hardest cheer!  
(Carillon, Carilla).  
Men grown hard on a Christmas morn;  
The dumb beast by and a babe forlorn.  
It was very, very cold when our Lord was born.  
And the small child Jesus smile on you.
2. Silent night, holy night,  
Son of God, love's pure light;  
Radiant beams from Thy holy face,  
With the dawn of redeeming grace,  
Jesus, Lord, at Thy birth,  
Jesus, Lord, at Thy birth.
3. As I in hoary winter night stood  
shivering in the snow,  
Surprised was I with sudden heat  
which made my heart to glow;  
And lifting up a fearful eye to view  
what fire was near  
A pretty babe all burning bright did  
in the air appear...
4. Now is the earth a dreary place,  
A troubled place, a weary place.  
Peace has hidden her lovely face  
And turned in tears away.  
Yet the sun, through the war-cloud,  
sees,  
Babies asleep on their mothers' knees,  
While there are love and home—and these—  
There shall be Christmas Day.
5. The snows shall perish at the spring,  
The flowers pour fragrance round  
her feet:  
Ah, Jesus! Mary! Joseph! bring  
This mercy from the Mercy Seat!  
Send it, sweet King of Glory, born  
Humbly on Christmas Morn!
6. And at night we win to the ancient inn  
Where the child in the frost is furled,  
We follow the feet where all souls meet  
At the inn at the end of the world.
7. To earth their sceptres they have cast,  
And crowns by kings ancestral worn;  
They track the lonely Syrian waste;  
They kneel before the Babe new born.
8. The Ox he openeth wide the Doore,  
And from the Snowe he calls her inne,  
And he hath seen her smile therefore,  
Our Ladye without Sinne.  
Now soone from Sleep  
A Starre shall leap.  
And soone arrive both King and Hinde:  
*Amen, Amen:*  
But O the place co'd I but finde!
9. We saw Thee in Thy balmy nest,  
Young dawn of our eternal Day;  
We saw Thine eyes break from their East,  
And chase the trembling shades away:  
We saw Thee: and we blessed the sight,  
We saw Thee by Thine own sweet light.
10. 'Tis Christmas Night! the snow  
A flock unnumbered lies;  
The old Judean stars aglow  
Keep watch within the skies.

## IN MARY'S LAP

On Christmas night  
A new-born Babe we see,  
Her God and real Son,  
In Mary's Lap.

★

On Calvary's height  
This Son, a corpse, lies free -  
His Father's work is done -  
In Mary's lap.

★

He cedes His right  
As Son to you and me -  
The place by death He'd won -  
In Mary's lap.

★

What keen delight,  
When newly born to be,  
And when life's task is done -  
In Mary's lap.

Placidus Kempf, O.S.B.

ed the fire and went on long after the most destructive conflagration had burned itself out. Whole towns were endangered while firemen indulged in riots, dumping equipment into gullies and mauling one another, instead of fire-fighting. A group of prominent civilians was inhumanly entrapped, beaten, knifed and killed, having supposedly been given refuge in the city jail, because of a political disagreement. The citizens were thus abused with the knowledge and apparent consent of the Baltimore mayor and police force. As the century advanced, these riots encircled the pros and cons on slavery, but fearing the cataclysm which eventually was to surround this question, America shied from its race problem and called it something else: nativism. It is not surprising that America should suddenly become aware of the immigrants. During this period thirty-eight million foreigners came to America. "One-eleventh of the population of the

globe at this hour is made up of displaced Europeans. Three-fifths of these Europeans are in the United States," Daniel Sargent tells us in *Our Land and Our Lady*.

In times as fierce as these, with a growing immigrant problem of this kind, it took the populace only a very short time to find a scapegoat: the Catholics.

The handwriting of ferocious Bismarck was on the wall of Europe. Discerning lovers of peace foresaw his deeds and his tyranny. They came to America. These were Catholics.

Already the refugees of the French Revolution had found peace in the new world. These were Catholics.

"I've Been Working on the Railroad," the lusty tune which might be called a theme song of the times, was sung by staunch willing workers, immigrants put to work on the heavy job as new as their arrival in America, for the railroad was just chugging its first loud noise on the American scene and the laying of the first iron tracks was a new and awesome job. Particularly handled by the newly-arrived Irish, the job may have brought them into a more highlighted position than otherwise the three million Irish immigrants would have demanded, for there were more than six million Germans, four million Italians, and three million Poles. Hearty, truculent, able to speak the American language and overjoyed to be citizens in the land of the free, the long oppressed Irishmen were enthusiastic new members of the populace. The new and heavy railroading gave them a sense of belonging, of linking up pieces of America, one to the other. And the great political fights, conducted without the touch of womankind, utterly in the sense of fisticuffs, appealed greatly to this group of rail-tie heaving bemuscled men. And these were Catholics.

This large block of assorted citizenry had comprised in Europe a troublesome group to some tyrannical powers. Catholics had insisted upon freedom of worship, for one thing. They didn't condone divorce, for another. And thus an idea was born. Here were these troublesome Catholics going off voluntarily to America. Why not play a grim joke upon them in their new environs? Why not get rid of some other unwanted citizenry and let these new world people care for them? And so, following the voluntary immigrants, came a stream of debarking ships with safe conducts from the reigning powers: hospital cases, prison inmates, debtors, incompetents, psychopaths, undersirables. Being undesirable where they had been, they became more undesirable in new and unaccustomed surroundings. The mob rule going under the name



of Democracy at the time stirred restlessly, uneasy at the situation, unwilling to await limitation by law of immigrants. The mob looked upon the thousands of immigrants, backed up on the shores as was a natural thing, clogging the small shore cities. The mob was not well disposed toward them and not prepared for them.

A certain great Russian priest, Prince Demetrius Augustine Gallitzin, impoverished himself by buying up large tracts of land which he resold to colonists at a quarter of its value and by setting up the needed equipment for trading with and helping one another. As a rule, the Germans, Poles, and Italians found themselves unable to speak the American language and became little villages of themselves within the cities, or as soon as possible found themselves precious land where, by pioneering, they gained a livelihood without irking the malice of the "native Americans." Here, having found contentment, as had the Irish "on the railroad," they prospered. And these were mostly Catholics.

Somehow the peace, the prosperity, the contentment with their new-found religious freedom stirred in the hearts of their opponents a profound unreasoning jealousy. And the inflamed mob mind turned to religion as the butt of its unrest. Always a good butt for the unprincipled, Catholicism stood head and shoulders above the crowd, holding its own. Attack had come often before. Blood would flow again.

We see Bishop John England desperately trying to reason with opponents:

"He tells us that he does not charge the Pope with being dishonest in retail, but in wholesale; it is not in small transactions that Catholics are rogues, but in mighty concerns. I fling back his insult with the feelings which it so richly merits. I defy him to the proof. He treat of honesty! He treat of good faith! Let him look to his garbling.".... "But what, sir, shall I say to you? You! a Bishop! Have you ever known a Friar? Have you ever seen a Nun? Do you know a delinquent of either order? Upon what evidence do you condemn... But God forbid, sir, that I should ever find the cause of my religion so bad as to be obliged to grope in the sewers of your Church to drag for the vindication of my own." (*Life and Times of John England*)

These strong words indicate the vituperation to which Bishop England is responding. A fighter, as were all those who had the grit to leave the old country to pioneer the new, Bishop England foresaw the deluge coming. He spoke of the rising rancor against Catholics, as recruits to the true

religion joined the ranks. As the judiciary of the times called the people to order, begging that they accept the government of reason and of law instead of the political mob rule taking precedence, so Bishop England issued the clarion call begging the use of reason to call a halt to the emotional mob rule tearing at the foundations of Faith. He saw, too, where the attack led: at the most innocent and defenseless, the followers of the Virgin, America's nuns.

But the truth was unwanted. Falsehoods are more digestible to unreasoning mobs. Attuned to popular desire came scurrilous attacks, falsified yarns, best-sellers that lined the Liar's purse with gold: *The Awful Disclosures of Maria Monk*, followed by a bevy of copyists, whose numbers alone could have convinced thoughtful readers of their fictitious quality. These selfless virgins, their lives modelled on that of the Immaculate Conception, found themselves facing the voracious mob. Like the devil incarnate, the lustful mobsters set upon convents, firing them, terrorizing the nuns, defiling them by tales of their "findings" in the convents whose innocent cells gave up their proof of innocence to the fires.



The bravery of nuns in the face of blood and thunder stood shorn of the simplest needs: food and shelter. The smoke of ruined hopes—hospitals, schools, orphanages, colleges and cloisters—lay over America. The ashes of convents scattered themselves over the blood shed for the Faith in America.

While yet America's head bowed over this defilement of decency, yet another devastation presented itself: War! War with Mexico, where the missionaries had sown the seed of Faith and the good Franciscans had blazed a trail never to be erased in the great Southwest. War, and only one chaplain designated to the U. S. Army, a non-Catholic chaplain. War, with the mob spirit against Catholics at home goading American soldiers to a lust for stripping the Churches of sacred treasures. Already Catholic soldiers were forced to attend violent harangues against their Faith, being caused to attend by military discipline and having no Catholic chaplains.

As the bishops of America assembled in Baltimore for the Sixth Provincial Council, news came of the Declaration of war with Mexico. The first firing of guns had occurred more than a month previously but news had to be carried by messenger, by horse, by coach and by the new and panting train-engine. Thus it was that it was announced in Baltimore on the day in May, 1846, when America's bishops met for the sixth time in the history of the Catholic Church in America. The coincidence of this announcement of war with their day of meeting was not lost upon them. At no time in America's bombastic history had such violent hatred been shown against Catholicism. In the past, even bloody warfare had not besmirched the hallowed grounds of the Church. Certainly the purity of nuns had been, before, respected and the influence of Catholic precept revered.

Realistically combining the problem of Catholic virginity debased with the incidence of a newly declared war with a Catholic good-neighbor country, the bishops of America must have decided upon a momentous conclusion. Their promulgations were few but astounding: They named the Blessed Virgin Mary Immaculate as Patroness of the Church in the United States. They asked the Holy See for the privilege of inserting in the Office and Mass of December 8 the word "Immaculate" and in the Litany the invocation: "Queen, conceived without original sin, pray for us." They petitioned the Holy See for the proper permissions permitting more extensive missionary work and thus paved the way for Catholic priests to be appointed as army chaplains. These are two of the four decrees

issued by the Council. They indicate how large loomed the problems of America's attitude toward Catholicism and they show boundless daring in approaching at the very feet of Immaculate Mary and placing in her hands the future of tottering American religious freedom.

There are few means of knowing by what reasoning these twenty-three far-seeing Bishops came to the election of the Immaculate Conception as America's National Patroness. Some of the events here recorded and many which are lost from the pages of history must surely have entered their arguments as proof that our need is in the Immaculate Conception. To their everlasting glory these beleaguered Bishops so far pre-dated the Papal Bull in their proclamation that surely they caused Mary to turn toward their unprecedented plea. This is their bequest to America and Americans and our guide for eternal safety. From that dark time the scene had changed. America's Catholics today stand straight and proud, envied in their religion, free of abuse. Their staunch character and truth to dogma is admired. They take places of eminence in their country. Their ideas, education, and opinions are sought. The service of nuns is begged in nationally famous hospitals, in centers of learning, and in neglected communities. Their influence is besought where the torch of Christianity wanes. Pearl Harbor was the target, when Japan struck, but America's vitals, its love for justice and purity, its Convents and Commandments, its Feast of the Immaculate Conception, were rings around the target taunting the barbaric militarists. And in the Convents as in the trenches, America recoups and fights on. All this we owe those Bishops of 1846. And if their largesse is not sufficient, America still dares not follow doubting Thomas. Our Blessed Mother knows Americans are realists. And she points, subtleties gone from her finger of proof, to the calendar on every wall: December 8th, Feast of the Immaculate Conception, America Declared War.

Dare we doubt? Dare we wonder how to get our boys back home? How to overcome the countries which after centuries of glorifying Mary have trampled her banner of chastity to the earth under the heel of voracious felons who make womanhood a vessel of breeding children for the state? America knows the answer. America, Land of the Free, under the banner of the Immaculate Conception, can conquer—on its knees.

# BETWEEN THE LINES

H. C. McGinnis

## Mystici Corporis Christi

THOSE who ridicule the Catholic Church, claiming it went to seed in the Medieval Ages, should, before going too far out on the limb, note the timeliness with which papal encyclicals appear. Without delving far into history, they could see that when the evils accompanying the Industrial Age became rampant and the world's workers were sinking into degradation, Pope Leo XIII's *Rerum Novarum* became a guiding star to those seeking moral and economic justice. When the increasing perplexities of the same situation required more explicit solutions, Pius XI issued his *Quadragesimo Anno. Sapientiae Christianae*—The Chief Duties of Christians as Citizens, *Immortale Dei*—The Christian Constitution of States, *Graves de Communi*—Christian Democracy, and *Liberitas Humana*—Human Liberty, all came from the hand of Leo XIII just when Socialism's pagan theories were tempting people to follow false prophets of human happiness. When divorces threatened to exceed marriages and the very foundations of society threatened to crumble from the impact of false doctrines concerning an alleged newly uncovered matrimonial freedom, a papal encyclical on Christian marriage appeared to set thinking peo-

ple straight and reaffirm the ageless truth that the family is society's basic unit. An examination of other encyclicals would reveal to the scoffer that all of them have been most opportunely uttered and now the recent one by Pius XII, *Mystici Corporis Christi*, points the solution

to mankind's most pressing current problem.

What has the doctrine of Christ's Mystical Body to do with a war which has most of the world swimming in blood? Everything! In the first place, had it been more widely accepted, the present holocaust would

not have occurred. Man would have perceived that he is much more than a political and economic creature, realizing instead his proper earthly purpose and future destiny. World peace and happiness do not lie in allegedly fool-proof political and economic formulas faithfully practiced, but in man's realization of the true purpose of his earthly existence. When individual man perceives his own part in the Mystical Body he becomes aware of the supernatural in his life and hence political and economic disputes retreat to their proper importance. Important causes of wars—secret treaties, back-door agreements, international combines for exploitation, lying and unscrupulous diplomacy—would disappear. "Wherefore, put away lying, speak ye the truth every man with his neighbor; for we are members one of another." Faithfulness to the common good, not selfishness, would become society's motivating spirit, just as the individual members of the human



The doors were closed to Mary with her Christ—  
All but the door of a stable  
Which, having naught to offer, gave itself,  
Though it was dingy and sable.  
'Twas there His saints and angels kept Him tryst,  
Their music dulcet resounding.—

O burdened Maid, my heart is void of pelf,  
Nor yet in virtue abounding;  
But the candle's in the window, the door's ajar,  
The welcome mat lies before it.  
Come in. Cradle here your Babe.—You've come  
afar!—  
With singing love I'll adore It.



# GOSPEL MOVIES

BY P.K.

## STATIC



"One of the robbers was abusing him."  
—St. Luke 23:39.

THE RADIO has a very sensitive ear. It not only picks up and broadcasts the most delicate vibrations of harmoniously tuned and played musical instruments but also the discordant notes of the warring elements, which we call "static." The human heart is also a radio, and the mouth and tongue are the amplifiers of the messages it has to send. It broadcasts music that delights the ear, but also static.

The tongue of the impenitent thief, to the left of the Savior's Cross, was a shortwave broadcasting station, operated by Hell. At first it merely repeated the refrain of the jeering mob: "The robbers, also, who were crucified with Him, reproached Him in the same way" (St. Matth. 27:44). Then, he abused Him, saying: "If Thou be the Christ, save Thyself and us"

(St. Luke 23:39). St. Mark tells us that "he reproached Him" (15:32). In this one word "reproached" or "reviled" Him the Evangelist seems to include all the unprintable language that came from the sin-corrupted heart of this hardened criminal, trying to throw the blame of his own vileness upon the Innocent Victim, Who, in truth, was dying to save him.

Abuse is the weak resort of cowardice. It is the weapon of the vulgar. It is not merely offensive to self-respecting persons, but is disgusting and degrading to the victim who is buried beneath the sewage of this word-vomit of a mind and heart filled with the churning filth of Hell.

body, while retaining their individuality, work to the body's common good.

But what might have been prevented in spilled milk. Despite that, the Pope's encyclical constitutes the world's most important current document. It eclipses the Atlantic Charter and the Four Freedoms. Neither can become operative without following the pattern of the Mystical Body. Both of these secular utterances are based on morality and true morality—not the secular brand which is merely civic virtue—is based upon spirituality. Although the encyclical is purely a religious discourse, its explanation of the Mystical Body furnishes a perfect outline for the world brotherhood which all decent thinking people are anxious to consummate as a guarantee against future catastrophic wars. It is the pattern to which United Nations statesmen should turn eagerly and unreservedly. While some few of those offering their ideas as guides to world peace may be seekers after

personal publicity and else heading organizations for personal profit, it must be admitted that the vast majority are wholly sincere, even when their suggestions sound altogether too fantastic for present acceptance. However, examinations of such suggestions reveal that most of the fantasies derive from attempts to super-impose highly idealistic forms of society upon utterly pagan bases. In such cases the fault lies in a non-perception of mankind's true destiny.

The pattern of the Mystical Body would provide a sensible and workable ideal for political and economic world brotherhood and an understanding of its spiritual implications would solve the mysteries of troublesome secular relationships. For example, this doctrine solves the problem of equality which bedevils so many minds seeking after true justice. People seeking social reform usually have false notions of equality. In the French Revolution, it was Citizen This and Citizen That,

any other title constituting a crime sufficiently grave to send the offender to the guillotine. Yet the Revolution had its definite heads, men who often wielded autocratic power and were honored and treated accordingly. In Russia's Red Revolution, even Lenin and Trotsky were called Comrade in a brotherly fashion, yet history well shows that other Reds did not consider themselves in any way equal to their leaders. In their army, while the generals may have been Comrade General, there was no doubt in any one's mind as to the relative importance of generals and common soldiers. In the spiritual world, each and every soul carries an equal importance to God. No one is overlooked by the Creator Who marks even the sparrow's fall. Yet there are those in charge of few things and those in charge of many things. In the secular world, each and every one is equal in the respect due him for a part well done, for the private



who performs his duties to the limit of what is expected of him is entitled to the same respect as a commanding general who serves equally conscientiously. Yet there is a vast difference in the positions and authority of generals and privates. This is justly so, for there can be no such thing as total equality of power and position. The equality lies in the respect due and in equal rights before the law and public opinion; but there can be no total equality in stations.

Neither can there be total economic equality, such as the Socialists and Communists claim. Complete economic equality would make a society too monotonous for human happiness. The constant striving for economic betterment is the secret of America's unparalleled progress. Unlike the Communist who would pull down the mansion on the hill, the ambitious American wants to add his house to the one already there, making it perhaps somewhat better. So long as his ambition does not arise from vanity and greed and is always governed by due regard to the common good, there is nothing immoral in seeking to better one's economic position. Yet those who do not achieve economic superiority are still equal in the respect due them, provided they are properly filling their destined niches. The farmer can rarely have the economic advantages of Park Avenue, yet he should not be looked down upon in an economic sense because his living conditions are not those of a Senator. Differences in economic stations are as natural to society as are differences in political stations. In social matters the same principle applies. The master-servant, the employer-worker, the leader-follower relationships are both natural and necessary. All cannot be on one side of the fence. Yet there is an equality in the honor due each station, provided it is occupied conscientiously and with a strict adherence to morality. There is no disgrace in being an humble worker, provided the work is necessary to society's well-being. Neither can there be political and economic equality among nations in a world

federation. America may be an eye and Ethiopia a little toe in a world body, yet each can serve and complement the other, thus doing their bits in becoming mutually useful parts in one harmonious whole. There must be the same relative importance among federated nations as exists among the members and organs of the human body.

For hundreds of years philosophers have philosophized concerning man's rightful equality. Often they have racked their brains nearly to insanity as they have tried to outline convincingly to their followers a society in which differences in stations exist, while at the same time the lowliest may be respected equally with the highest. Yet all these philosophies, no matter how sincerely intended, break down somewhere along the line unless they are in their entirety the Christian philosophy of life. For only one philosophy can be wholly correct and fully complete and that philosophy must be the one given by the Creator Himself. Therefore much wasted effort could be saved if the world's thinkers would first understand for themselves the doctrine of the Mystical Body and then devise the most convincing ways and means of explaining it to those whose thinking depends upon theirs. Any pattern for individual and corporate relationships which the Creator has selected for the supernatural world is positively certain to work completely satisfactorily in the natural world. It is the one and only perfect pattern for proper relationship and coordination among members of a group or body.

However, a superficial understanding of the doctrine of Christ's Mystical Body will not produce a workable pattern. The understanding must be deep, thoughtful and complete. Nor must one be fearful of the doctrine's application, for, as His Holiness says in *Mystici Corporis Christi*: "Mysteries revealed by God cannot be harmful to men; nor should they remain as treasures hidden in a field, useless." Also, as the Pope warns in the same document: "We must confess that grave

errors in regard to this doctrine are being spread among those outside the true Church, and that among the faithful, too, inaccurate or thoroughly false ideas are entering which turn minds aside from the straight path of truth." No doubt many of these errors occur through attempts to read into the doctrine intentions which were never uttered. Especially among non-Catholics is there a tendency to *garble the Scriptures*, as His Holiness puts it in his encyclical; that is, attempts to bend God's Word to human desires instead of human desires bending to meet life's spiritual requirements. In addition, His Holiness warns of that "false rationalism, which ridicules anything that transcends and defies the power of human genius." This, says the Pope, is accompanied by what is called "popular naturalism." His Holiness also warns of the false mysticism used in interpreting the doctrine. The doctrine, truly interpreted, furnishes the key to Christian society.

Every day millions of prayers ascend to heaven, petitioning the restoration of society's wholesomeness. Perhaps many expect God, by a turn of His hand, to set the world in order again. If He should, it will be the first time in human experience. Even when He sent His Divine Son to redeem mankind, He made no arbitrary changes in society's behavior. He simply furnished the means by which it could restore itself to the supernatural life, grace and decency. Yet proper prayers are not unheeded and in this case, Pius XII, Christ's Vicar, has been moved by the Holy Spirit to offer the doctrine of Christ's Mystical Body as the basic solution to mankind's woes. For the proper solution must be the spiritual solution, not a political or economic one. Nothing can permanently succeed unless it is based upon God's plans for mankind. When society's individual parts live the proper spiritual relationship, one to another, all other things will be added thereto. When men learn to live in proper relationship to Christ, the Head, and to all other members of the Body, everything else will fall into place properly and naturally.

# WHEN ADVENT COMES

## The History of the Chosen People and the Coming of the Messiah

*Conrad Louis, O.S.B.*



**“WHEN ADVENT COMES”** might seem a bit of a tautology. If it does, it goes well with the second title, for the history of the Chosen people is the history of the coming of the Messiah.

This truth becomes evident in the New Testament, but adumbrations, indications, and revelations of the Old Testament are so pointed that a little reflection on some of them will make the truth apparent almost independently of the full light of the New Testament. If the coming of the Messiah is the full and final manifestation of God's plan of redemption, it is only natural that this perfect revelation be prepared by some-

what imperfect yet ever increasing revelations of God's plans in the ages that precede His coming. The history of the Chosen People is the history of the preparation and perfecting of God's plan of universal salvation.

God planned from the very fall of man to save and reestablish man in his relationship with Himself. Hardly has the sacred writer recorded the fall of man from light to darkness when the first ray of hope flickers across the horizon of man's future. In Genesis (3:15) an eventual victory and restoration for man is suggested by God's promise to the first pair. Adam is assured of final victory. Noe receives another assurance of God's care and solicitude (Gen. 8:21-9:17). Abraham is a recipient of the Divine benevolence in a marked degree (Gen. 17). God's promises to him are heartening enough to sustain his children down through the ages. In fact, the last Prophet of his people must warn the people that mere carnal descendance from Abraham is not enough to insure their realization of God's promised benevolence (Luke 3:8).

God's designs for man's salvation become even more evident in His relationship with Moses than with Abraham. With Moses God pledges Himself, as it were, to be the God, protector, and savior of the favored people in a more special manner. He takes the sons of Abraham as His “peculiar possession above all people,” if they will observe His commandments. God binds Himself in solemn contract with His Chosen People, and their burden of the contract is the observance of the Ten Commandments. In this contract God's designs for the salvation of man becomes a definite plan (Exod. 19 and 20). The people of Moses have been prepared for a special function in the divine plan of salvation. This one small people—an insignificant group if one considers the mighty empires that write the history of the world in their days—is selected to prepare a background, a foundation, and a disposed people for the perfection of God's plan. The people

thus chosen must be capable of dealing with God, accepting and appreciating His honors, as well as bearing the burdens of collaborators with God. They did not merit this distinction, but, nevertheless, they received it as their peculiar blessing.

The terms of the contract God made with the Chosen People were in a sense for all men, but this chosen race was most of all responsible for fulfilling its obligations. Naturally the Ten Commandments, the Torah, became the soul, the center, the symbol of this nation's life. The future of the nation according to God's plan and pledged word depended on observance of the Torah. The real test of nationality as an institution to be used by God was thus based on religious integrity rather than on purely racial bonds. This is clear from the history of the chosen race. Its greatest heroes were of mixed blood. In its fullest interpretation this nationalism was to become as universal as good morals among men.

The Chosen People had its day of strict observance of the law and again its day of less strict observance. To better insure the keeping of the Law by the people—they formed a theocracy, the law of their nation being the Law of God—God allowed

the institution of the kingdom to evolve among His people. God is wont to use natural and human means to attain His end in His dealing with men. The natural force of enthusiasm in the display of pomp and power of the mighty ones of the world supported God's cause in the reign of King David. The dangers involved already manifest themselves in the reign of his son Solomon. Nevertheless, as allowed by God the kingdom was an institution for the protection, transmission, and perfection of the divine plans for a "way of salvation." The hopes and fears of the Chosen People as an instrument of God surged and ebbed with the tide of the kingdom. The other institutions of this people, the priesthood, prophecy, and the wise men, all have to do with the protection of the contract and fostering of observance of the Law, just as in the case of the kingdom. Everything points to the Law as the touchstone of the Chosen People's worthiness to serve God and men. The Law was set as the hope or the ruin of the Chosen People.

This central position of the Law in the history of the Chosen People might have been the occasion of its having misunderstood and misinterpreted the force and function of the Law in God's plan of salvation. This seems to be the judgment of the Rabbi and Apostle Paul. In later Jewry and especially in Rabbinic times the exaggeration led to making the law a kind of sacrament, an external medium for the direct redemption of men. Some even personalized the sacrament, but this personalization was more poetic than real. It was introduced to counteract the Christian personalization of God's plan in the Messiah. But the history of the Chosen People calls clearly for a personal savior and redeemer as the hope of the world and the light of the world.

In Genesis (3:15) it is a man who will conquer, again it is the seed of Abraham (Gen. 14) that will prevail, Moses proclaims a prophet (Deut. 18: 18), David is assured that the savior will be of his royal lineage (2 Kgs. 7, etc.), and he proclaims Him in the psalms as King and Son of God (Ps. 2:32), Isaiah pictures the savior so accurately that his passages are called a Fifth Gospel, Malachias sees Him with His precursor, while Daniel presents Him definitely as king forever (7:14,21).



Pictured above are the thirty-one Marianists of the St. Louis and the Cincinnati Provinces, who are completing their sacerdotal studies at St. Meinrad Seminary:

Front row left to right: Rev. Walter Bach, Bros. Thomas Schelble, George Scherrer, Rev. Peter Resch, S.M., S.T.D. Superior, Bros. Vincent Plassenthal, George Mc Kenzie, Bernard Horst.  
 Second Row: Rev. Donald Bracht, Bros. Vincent Vasey, John Dickson, Raymond McMahon, Paul Elsner, Charles O'Neill.  
 Third Row: Bros. Paul Ryan, James Young, Wilfred Hartke, James Darby, Charles Hofstetter, Leonard Thome.  
 Fourth Row: Bros. Francis Rocha, Raymond Sohm, Lawrence Mann, Francis Gerber, Bertrand Clemens, Stanley Skrobacki.  
 Fifth Row: Bros. Louis Blume, Norbert Moellering, James McKay, Rev. John Graves, Raymond Roesch, Bernard Neubauer.



All these rays of light from the history of the Chosen People show how God's plans operated. From the first flicker in Genesis to the proposition of a definite plan at Sinai and on through the operation of that definite plan there is a gradual but definite increase of light and revelation working toward a climax and perfection. All the institutions of the old dispensation designed for the help of man in his labor of redemption are made available to man through the ministrations of man, and as they approach their climax all begin to point definitely to one man. This man personifies all the institutions and hopes of the Old Testament in the things that pertain to the salvation of man. St. Paul insists on this fact already in the case of the promise to Abraham—"And to thy offspring," who is Christ" (Gal. 3:16).

Thus where the Old Testament with its figures and shadows presented an imperfect means of salvation, a sacramental of dispositive force, a temporary aid and directive—the old covenant can be considered thus—the perfection of all and full light of revelation presents a perfect sacrament and cause of man's salvation, the Messiah, Jesus Christ. In Him and His Gospel the Will, and Law, and Plan of God is perfectly revealed. The Kingdom of God which was the Chosen People becomes now the Kingdom of Jesus Christ, the institutions of prophecy and wisdom find their perfection in Him—He reveals all and He is the consummation of wisdom.

The timeliness of the fulfillment of all things in the history of the Chosen People according to God's plan is evident from a review of the state of affairs of the Chosen People as the old dispensation gives way to the new. The law had been neglected to the extent of practically breaking the covenant of Sinai. Just a remnant of the twelve tribes who were partners to the agreement were left. The Machabees showed themselves worthy of the divine trust for a few years in the latter days, but they fell and with them the Kingdom of the Chosen People. No prophet walked the land of Juda for decades—even for centuries—before the coming of the Messiah. Wisdom reached a climax, then dulled itself in what we find of the apocrapha. The time was indeed ripe for Divine interference.

The expectation of the Chosen People—our rec-

ord of it in the history of that people's last days in the introduction to the New Testament shows how tense it was—just prior to the perfection of the divine plan cannot be overlooked. Zachary, Simeon, and John the Baptist were certainly authentic interpreters of the history of their people as priest, sage, and prophet. They see all their history coming to its fulfillment. The evangelists must have understood the same, since their genealogies are but a summary history of the forebearers of the Messiah. Just a cursory reading of the first chapters of St. Luke's Gospel recording the history of these last saints of the Chosen People with an eye on the references to the Old Testament will sum up all that has been discussed. The *Benedictus* is really in itself a summary of the whole history of the Chosen People and is rightly styled "the last prophecy of the Old Law and the first of the New."

In the verses of the first part of the hymn—a summary of the Old Law—Zachary praises God for effecting the liberation and redemption of His people in the coming of the Champion from the house of David, heralded by prophets through the history of his people, promised to Abraham of old. The deep spiritual nature of the liberation is noted in the fact that the people hope the coming will mean that they can worship their God in justice and holiness without fear of interference, and even more, in the fact that the salvation will effect the forgiveness of sins and light the people from the darkness and shadows of the past towards the goal of both dispensations—peace with God.

Is it any wonder then that Holy Mother Church gives us for a subject of consideration as a preparation for our celebration of the great event that introduces the climax of God's plan of salvation the History of the Chosen People? Her purpose, in the words of St. Paul, is surely that we may the better comprehend with all the saints what is the breadth and length, and the height and depth of God's love and mercy—especially in the Incarnation—in order that we may be filled unto all the fullness of God. Now to him who is able to accomplish all things in a measure far beyond what we ask or conceive, in keeping with the power that is at work in us—to Him be glory in the Church and Jesus Christ down through the ages of time without end. Amen (Eph. 3:1-21).





# The Birthday of a Child

Julia W. Wolfe

MANY old-fashioned ways are to be deplored, as even those of us who are on the farther side of forty will admit; but the old-fashioned Christmas had a comparative simplicity and serenity about it—a warmth of sentiment and a genial quality—that made it a more fitting Child birthday than the Christmas we know today. In those times any child who had known five Christmases in which, with wonder and worship, he had looked upon a tree with a star at the top and a Noah's ark below, for at least five more Christmases expected and desired unchanged the tree with its divinely mysterious star and its satisfactorily practical toy. Surely there are other birthdays—our own, for example—when we may be as perversely adult as we wish—when we may rush to a festivity or flit from house to house; but let the children celebrate The Child's birthday at home, at the hearth, near the cradle.

One old-fashioned child Christmas of forty years ago is typical of many of that time. It was a home of plenty, even of luxury; yet father selected carefully and brought home the tree that we now order by telephone, and trust the delivery boy to pick out. Mother and the older children made by hand, not by money magic, the stars and the cornucopias that were to adorn the tree with homemade splendor. The old nurse re-dressed all the dolls from the scrap bag. The coachman constructed a new saddle for the rocking-horse, and even donated sundry shining buckles and rings from the trappings of his own steeds. Sarah, in the kitchen, not only tolerated, but even aided and abetted a raid upon her domains and upon the gingerbread superman—nothing less—in her oven. The gardener's wife contributed wonderful little cakes from her own baking. The candy man at the corner market gave extra measure of his delectable red and yellow translucent sugar birds and beasts, a generosity that made him a

public benefactor on that last market-day before Christmas. Even the butter-and-egg woman put duck's eggs into the basket among the ordinary laying of hens "for the childer." And, best of all, the children gave out of their own penny banks to those less fortunate children. And it is pleasant to remember that on that great day itself, before the tree, before breakfast, before anything else, the whole family trooped out upon the snowy porch to feed the birds—the birds that St. Francis has made for all time "little brothers." Later in the day one of the boys, sated with the simple glories, wrote in

black crayon on the torn-out fly-leaf of a geography, "Come in, everybody, and see our tree," and nailed it on the front gate; and those who came went away comforted.

In those days it was a great thing to be a giver. One was so delightfully sure of making, and of being made, glad. In a little old diary, under a date 1897, a child wrote, "Christmas is the day when everybody else"—she modestly omitted self—"seems more good than usual. Everybody liked my gifts that I gave them. My other gifts that I received were fine." Evidently the gifts that one gave were, par excellence, "my gifts." The giving heart was elated, but none the less was the receiving heart softened and made humble.

A receiving heart of more recent date, put down at a table with pen and ink to write reluctant thanks to contributing relatives, began each of four epistles with, "I received twenty-five presents, and I think I fared pretty well." There is a tacit assumption that one who fares only "pretty well" this year may reasonably hope to fare better another. The child is growing shrewd—growing up; but if, with his greater stature and wider knowledge, he cannot, even for one day out of the 365, become as a little child, it were better that he cease to celebrate the birthday of a Child.

## Modern Bethlehem

To them the sin

Who own the inn!

No room for you in house or flat  
If child is yours; but dog or cat  
They'll take, or gold fish in a bowl.  
No room for an immortal soul!

But far worse still

Are they that kill!

No room! No room! O Bethlehem,  
Still yet, still yet no room for Him?  
For any other babe no room,  
No room in house, or flat or womb!

Paschal Boland, O.S.B.

**WE ARE WAGING** a great war, and that war is always in our thoughts; it is the moving force that keeps men and women working in spite of their fatigue, despite all their desires to rest for a time from all the hurry and all the distractions that the war has brought in its wake. Thus we know that all feel the need of peace. Even in the hearts of the soldiers on the fronts who are doing their level best to win the war—and in a hurry, if possible—there is a deep-rooted love of peace which is so natural to man that perpetual war could not uproot it. In his recent encyclical on the Mystical Body, our Holy Father Pope Pius XII made it very clear how much the Church too needs peace to carry on her work.

We know that we must pray for peace. But is that enough? Let us see. November the 28th, being this year the First Sunday of Advent, was the New Year's Day of the Church. Now Advent is the season of the Church's year that is given over to preparation for Christmas, for the coming of Christ into the hearts of men in a more special way, and for the coming of Christ at the end of time. In order to spend this time profitably we could make as a New Year's resolution the following: I will enter into the spirit of Holy Mother the Church during this Advent season in order to fashion my own prayer-life according to hers. And this can be connected with our prayers for peace, because we are able to find some references to peace in the Liturgy for Advent that have some real lessons for us, lessons that are given to us as gentle hints but which at the same time lay down the conditions that we must fulfill in order to become more worthy of peace.

Of the parts of the Holy Mass that change from feast to feast, the sections known as the Introit, the Offertory, and the Communion were formerly entire psalms. The Introit psalm was sung while the clergy made their way to the altar in a rather lengthy procession. The Offertory psalm was sung while all the people made their offering of bread and wine for the sacrifice and for the poor, and during the time in which all received the Holy Eucharist the Communion psalm was chanted. There is one psalm which is conspicuous in the Advent liturgy in these various places. It is also most use-

## The Advent Liturgy

*Bonaventure naebe*

ful for us in our considerations of the requisites for peace.

Psalm 84 gives us the Communion verse for the First Sunday of Advent, the Offertory verse for the Second Sunday of Advent, the psalm of the Introit for the Third Sunday of Advent, and the Offertory verse of the Friday in Ember Week of Advent. This psalm is full of gratitude to Almighty

## Your Christmas

*Placidus S. Kempf,*

**WE HAVE** the assurance of Father Faber that "no Christmas is like its predecessor. Bethlehem grows more enchanting. The strain of the angels is sweeter. We know more of Mary and Joseph, The Child surpasses himself year after year" (*Bethlehem*, p. 150).

If that is not true in your case then the fault lies not with the Angels or the Divine Babe, but with you, and especially in your lack of proper preparation for the Christ Child's coming into your heart on Christmas morning. That such a preparation is necessary is told us by Holy Mother Church in her season of preparation for Christmas—the four weeks of Advent. To make the work of preparing your heart both practical and interesting you may set about it in this way.

During the first week of Advent (Nov. 28—Dec. 4) help St. Joseph *prepare the lowly stable*. Your heart is just that. There will be definite work to be done during each day of this week. You enter this stable through the low door of **HUMILITY**. You clean and light your lantern of ardent **FAITH**. You hang up this bright lantern by your **GOOD INTENTION**. You sweep down the cobwebs by removing every trace of **PRIDE** from your heart. You sweep and cleanse the floor by a thorough **EXAMINATION OF CONSCIENCE**. After removing the least speck of dust by an act of **PERFECT CONTRITION** you lock the door by a spirit of holy **RECOLLECTION**.

The stable is ready. During the second week (Dec. 5—11) you will help St. Joseph *build the lowly crib or manger*. First, you must cut the pieces of wood by a spirit of **DETACHMENT** from earthly things. You make a cross piece for one end of the crib (X) by **MORTIFICATION OF YOUR WILL**, and one (X) for

# Liturgy and Peace

ature naebel, O.S.B.

God for many favors granted in the past, but it also has some striking pleas and delicately expressed longings for PEACE! In verse 9 of this psalm, we read: "Let me hear what the Lord God speaketh within me. For he speaketh of peace for His people, and for His loyal servants. And for those that turn the heart towards Him."—The more we long for peace, the more our souls tell us of the conditions

## Christmas Crib

us S. Kempf, O.S.B.

the other end by MORTIFICATION OF YOUR JUDGMENT. Next you construct the two sides by MORTIFICATION OF THE EYES, and the two ends by MORTIFICATION OF THE EARS. To both sides and ends you fasten the small staves by many acts of MORTIFICATION OF THE TONGUE—in TASTE and SPEECH.

St. Joseph's work is done. You will spend the third week (Dec. 12-18) with the Blessed Virgin Mary in *preparing the manger*. With her you put in the golden straw by many acts of ready OBEDIENCE. From it you remove all weeds and briars by acts of KINDNESS. You smooth the straw by MEEKNESS. Then you weave a white sheet by holy DESIRE. By many EJACULATORY PRAYERS you crochet the white coverlet. You fill the downy pillow with TRUST (REST) IN GOD. And finally you embroider the "royal" spread by numerous acts of FRATERNAL CHARITY. For your charity will not "cover a multitude of sins" but the Christ Child in your neighbor.

Stable and crib are ready. In a week (Dec. 19-25), the Christ Child will come. You will now help Mary *prepare the swaddling clothes*. These must be white by perfect PURITY of soul; soft by divine GENTLENESS; warmed by the fire of true LOVE; and smooth by MEEKNESS and HUMILITY. It is Christmas Eve. You put the final touch to your preparations. Everything is in readiness. Your eager heart sends out this glowing message, your Christmas invitation to the Divine Babe—COME, DIVINE INFANT, COME! And as you kneel at the communion rail at the midnight Mass Jesus comes into the well prepared crib of your heart. Then you will realize the truth of Father Faber's words. Your Christmas this year *will be different*.

that are necessarily to be fulfilled before it will come to us. We must first become the people of God; we must be his loyal servants, and we must return to Him in our thoughts, according as we read in the prophet Isaias, "Return, ye transgressors, to the heart. Remember the former age, for I am God, and there is no God beside, neither is there the like to me." If we have forgotten about God in the daily actions of our lives, we must return to Him.

Most of the readers of THE GRAIL have loved ones in the army, many of them across one or the other of the oceans. This is something providential for all of us, since it makes the awful realities of war come close to our very hearts and rest there along with our love for our dear ones, thus making us willing to do what we must for a speedy peace. And what we must do is prepare our own hearts by becoming once more God's people, His loyal servants, and then pray with the Church and in our private prayer that God may avert His righteous anger from us. We must pray that Christ, the King of Peace, come, and then will be fulfilled the words of the same Psalm 84, "Justice and peace have kissed." For, although the justice of God has cause to afflict us, still the peace that so many of His people are seeking will be granted us, because of Christ. And now we can see how our preparation for Christmas in the Advent liturgy can also be the best preparation of our hearts to receive the peace that comes with Christ. "Glory to God in the highest and peace on earth among men of good will," the Angels sang on that first Christmas night—and if we have not peace on earth now it is because there are not enough men of good will. Never will the nations accept the reign of the King of Peace until the individual members have accepted it. That is what we can learn from the first antiphon for the First Vespers of the feast of Christmas: "The King of Peace is greatly to be praised, Whose face the whole world desireth." This desire must start with each individual soul as we saw above in Psalm 84, "Let me hear what the Lord God speaketh within me." Then will the stage be set for Christ's entrance as the King of Peace and "The work of justice shall be peace" (Isaias 32:17).

# UP BY BIG BUTTE

by  
MARY LANIGAN  
HEALY



The Mannings are a family of six, augmented temporarily by the arrival from California of two nieces and a nephew to live in Copper City, Montana, until their sick mother is able to return from the hospital. Tom Manning is convalescing after an accident in which he risked his life for that of a child. In his absence from his classes Walter McGruder conducted the lectures in English Literature. Walter has met Frances and Clare and shows more than a passing interest in Frances.

## CHAPTER FOURTEEN

(Continued)

The School of Mines Prom was the event of the season in Copper City and as High School girls these two were more than privileged to attend. Indeed, she'd have as soon kept them in their own scholastic circles but it would have been difficult to refuse Walter's plea that he be allowed to escort Frances, and Dave's eagerness to make it a four-some by taking his sister.

Even while they were in the process of fitting and sewing her dresses for tonight she had felt something lacking in Clare's attitude. She had not been asparkle like Frances and when she did become eager it was as though she were making a conscious effort so as not to disappoint Frances. She had even offered to wear a last season's dress but at one look in the stricken eyes of her cousin had quickly said, "I was just teasing. Fran and I must do you all credit and new dresses will help." So new dresses it had been, the brown and yellow for brown haired Frances and the red one for Clare.

"You are going to look like a gypsy, tonight,"

Julia told her daughter when the dress dropped into its folds. It was full skirted and the bodice was tight giving a carefree gypsy effect. Clare looked at herself in the mirror and as she did the mood of the dress seemed to spread to her. Twin red spots reached into her cheeks and her large grey eyes were luminous. Her skin was fair against the dark hair that came up atop her head in a bank of curls, then dropped in a dusky shadow to her shoulders.

"This is going to be a dance I'll always remember," she said.

"And I, too," cried Frances. And Julia sensed that the words of the girls were completely different in meaning.

"Well, I'll be the proudest female in chaperone row," Julia said; "the two sweetest girls in the place will be my own."

"You look pretty smooth yourself," Sue declared.

"Thanks, honey. Dad likes this too."

"Oh, Mother," Clare's face clouded; "You never get anything new for yourself."

"Do I look dowdy?" Julia challenged. The brown eyes held the grey.

"You win," Clare admitted. "You look beautiful as you always do."

The sound of the doorbell came sharply through the house.

Julia started out, "I expect that's Mrs. Cunningham. When she heard about the dance she insisted on coming over to stay until your Father and I come home. It was pretty thoughtful of her because as big as you all are I don't like leaving you alone."



"Old fogey, you," said Clare kissing her as a girl would never kiss an old fogey.

Julia heard Tom open the door as she rounded the stairs. She could hear Sue and Ruth scampering behind her.

"Good evening, sir," came Mrs. Cunningham's cheerful voice, "and good evening to you," catching sight of Julia.

Julia came forward with hand extended and received a hearty shake. Then Mrs. Cunningham released her and frankly stared at her. "Elegant. Elegant. Mrs Manning. Nothing like blue velvet to set a red head off, I always say."

Julia knew the compliment was as well intended as the countless services the various Cunninghams had performed for the Mannings on all occasions since the time Tom had rescued their little Pete from the truck. Tom was smiling too at the buxom neighbor. "I'll take your wraps," he offered.

"Thank you sir. It's a proud man you'll be with the likes of her on your arm before all those fine people at the dance. Not that there will be any two there half so fine."

It was as well to accept the lavish praise of Mrs. Cunningham as to attempt to sidestep it. Such an effort would only serve to whet the good lady's tongue for the taste of fuller adjectives.

Mrs. Cunningham turned to Sue and Ruth who had appeared on either side of her. "The darlings," she said, "how are they tonight?"

"Very well, Mrs. Cunningham." Then the two of them blurted together, "How are the puppies?"

Mrs. Cunningham was moving her ample self into the living room toward the sofa. It was evident that she wished to be comfortably settled with her little friends so she could do justice to the status of the puppies. So with a child under the wing of either arm she said, "The puppies are fine and asked to be remembered to you, they do. Particularly the one with the bit of a spot on his tail. As I was going out that rascal looked me in the eye and said as clear as anything, 'Say hello to Ruth and Susan, if you please.' The girls giggled in delight. 'And did he say when he was coming to live with us?' Ruthie asked.

"He did that," said Mrs. Cunningham. "He declared his intention of making the change of residence the instant he was five weeks old. Which is...?" Her voice left a dramatic blank, which two eager voices filled in unison, "Tomorrow."

"It is," agreed Mrs. Cunningham.

"May we get him right after school?" asked Sue.

"You may."

"We'll bring a basket," practically added Ruth.

"I can hardly wait," said Sue. "I wonder what Trixie will say?"

Julia decided that she might as well go upstairs for her wrap. It was obvious that her presence was superfluous with the engrossed three.

The door bell rang again. That would be Walter. She continued on her way, leaving him to Tom. At the head of the stairs she met David coming out of his room, extremely handsome in formal dress.

"You look nice, Julia," he told her. "Now where is my glamorous little sister. I must see if she'll do." Clare and Frances appeared with soft cloaks over their arms. Dave whistled approval: "Double trouble, these Manning girls. They're sure to take the place by storm."

"I'm glad you like us," Clare said. "It would be terrible to be stood up at the very last minute."

"Nobody will be standing you up, ever, Clare," and when Clare said, "Thank you," Julia thought the two words tensely said. What was the matter with Clare?

"Yes sir," Dave went manfully on, "the Manning women are beautiful." His glance included Julia and suddenly she felt svelt and well groomed in the several seasons old velvet. She turned and hurried for her wrap and went downstairs to see the young people leave. She and Tom stood at the door and watched the four climb into Walter's car. Sue and Ruth pressed their faces against the front window and Mrs. Cunningham on pretext of accompanying them was enjoying the takeoff very much indeed. Barney and Hank, disdainful of such things as dances, were deep in some business of their own in the basement. Julia went to the basement door to call good-bye.

"Good-bye, Mother," from Hank. "Be good and have fun."

"So long, Aunt Julia," said Barney; "don't let Uncle dance himself into a relapse."

"Now have a wonderful evening," Mrs Cunningham advised them when they were leaving; "these two and I will well entertain each other until it is time for bed."

"We'll knit," Sue exulted.

"And make fudge," added Ruth, "and tell stories about the Irishman."

"We'll do that, we will," agreed Mrs. Cunningham. Her imagination could soar as extravagantly high as theirs. Julia smiled as she waved her hand.

Julia always enjoyed her jaunts into the world where Tom moved everyday. For the most part her contacts with his academic background were limited to such occasions as tonight's. The Winter Prom as an affair that the entire faculty would attend and where she and Tom were listed as official chaperones. Julia attended, too, the receptions and gatherings of similar formal kind that came

up time and time again during the years and she numbered several valued friends among the faculty wives. But the world of letters could never catch her up and convince her of its reality as it had once. She had lived since then too close to the genuine experiences of bearing and raising children to ever again be satisfied with intellectual joys no matter how stimulating they might be.

It was good to be greeted so warmly by everyone. Doctor Warriner and his stately wife were most cordial, drawing herself and Tom into a spirited conversation where a cluster of chairs were pulled together. The music for the dancing was the accompaniment for their talk as though the things they had to say were too important to give way to mere dancing.

Tonight the talk was brittle, it seemed to Julia. It was depressing in its generalizations of disaster. There was a bold hopelessness about it all that was a mode of bravado. It was as though these men and women, for all their brilliance of mind, were like boys afraid but determined to back down their fears with shrill whistling. "The millenium. Death of Democracy. Totalitarian." These were some of the things they were saying. "Inevitable serfdom, failure of our system," were other phrases. Julia had an impulse to draw away from them. She did not agree with the things they were saying, yet she knew it was impossible to contradict them in terms they would comprehend. The irony in the situation occurred to her. She could not tell these eminent professors with letters after their distinguished names just why she felt the world was a safe place in which to live, because they would not understand what she was trying to say. On the other hand she could easily tell Nell Galvin what she wanted to say or Mrs. Cunningham or even little Sue. They would agree with her that those who worry and brood are wrong, that those who live easily and pray are right. They, the Galvins and such, had Faith. These brilliant ones for all their repartee were the "ignorant" ones of whom Sue spoke.

Julia felt a twinge of pity for the orchestra members doing their full throated best to make everyone gay. Their music could not reach past the intellects that shut it out. It was not noise that made peace and joy.

Like a truant, Julia slipped away when others joined the group. She found a bench in a secluded cove closed in with potted plants. It was a pretty sight she saw as she sat quietly watching the dancers. The blend of rich tones of winter dancing frocks against the inevitable black of their partners. The music changed from its breathless tempo to the never out of fashion waltz. The three four rhythm

beat into the room. She searched among the moving couples and found Frances in Walter's arms. She was glad they had the waltz together. Clare was dancing with a tall blonde boy who seemed absorbed in the grey eyes lifted occasionally to him. He should be, Julia thought. Those grey eyes of Clare's, so like her Dad's.

As though the thought of him had beckoned from her mind, Tom's voice came from behind her, "So here you are. I knew that some potted scenery or other would conceal my girl."

So Tom had caught her reactions to the group. He, too, had known that savage unrest in the atmosphere which had sent her here to the refuge of watching young people enjoy themselves without torturing oneself with the problems of the universe. The waltz was gone now and a fierce wild rhythm was in swing. It was a tune which could not be denied. The members of the orchestra arose to their feet as though sitting down were too docile a pose for such music as they were giving forth. There was a pagan message they were bound to pass on to all moving feet. They must make the feet understand, Zig, Zag, Zig, Zag and stamp. The feet understood. The feet knew. Up and down the hall they went in a sort of stride. It was as though they were running away from something, Julia thought. Running, running, running and ending always in the self same place. The trumpets told them how to escape and the saxes lured them on, then Boom, boom, boom the drums calmly said they had to start over again. Julia's eyes picked out the streak of brown and yellow which was Frances and the splash of red which was Clare. Both were laughing as the music asked they should, but Julia had the comforting feeling that the Manning girls were beyond the power of the wild beat. The pleadings of the trumpets could not tempt them, nor could the promises of the saxaphones. The luring of mad swing was not for them. The Manning girls knew what they wanted. They did not have to run away. They were not afraid. They did not have to flee the length of the room and back again to get out of the way of a threat none of them could comprehend, yet all could hear. The Manning girls heard only the measures intended for the dance in the music. They were out of reach of the seeking undertones. Dancing swiftly in perfect step with their partners' motions, the Manning girls were nonetheless, far, far away in safe white citadels of their own.

Julia smiled at Tom and his hand closed over hers. "Sweet, aren't they?" she asked.

"Very sweet," he said and his hand pressed hers and included her in the compliment.

## CHAPTER FIFTEEN

"MOTHER!" There was a wild scurrying of feet and fierce onslaught at the back door. Julia hastily abandoned her first spread of pie crust to answer the sound. She opened the door to the triumphant faces of Ruth and Sue. Between them, neither relinquishing her hold nor completely claiming it, they carried the small covered basket with which they had set out to Cunninghams a short while before. "We got him," announced Sue, "and he's the dearest, sweetest little dog you ever saw in all your life."

"I don't doubt that he is," smiled Julia.

"He's a honey, Aunt Julia, that's what he is," said Ruth.

"A honey! A honey!" shrilled Sue in the strident tone she used to express excitement.

From the basket came a soft whimper, "Sh, sh," cautioned Julia. "You've frightened the little dog."

"No, no, no, Sue won't frighten the little fellow. Sue won't do that." The tone was a husky croon.

"Do you want to hold him?" invited Ruth.

"Why yes." And Julia found that she wanted to very much. She sat down on the kitchen chair and the joint owners surrendered their puppy into her lap. He snuggled questioningly there. Julia stroked the silky fur and turned to Sue, "Now, dear, what were you going to tell us a minute ago?"

"Oh," Sue's voice again threatened a flight up the octaves, "What Ruthie said about him being a honey. Wouldn't that be a perfectly marvelous name for him? I mean a name for keeps?"

"That is wonderful," agreed Ruth somewhat impressed with her own discernment, knowing or not. "Honey, Honey. Like it puppikins?"

With a name settled on him, Honey was sufficiently orientated into the Manning household for Julia to return to her pie making. The door was open between where she was working and the summer kitchen, so that the fragrant heat from the kitchen reached out there and made it very comfortable as an annex to the kitchen, for just such a purpose as the girls were using it now, clucking to the puppie and playing with him the while they arranged a cozy little bed.

Julia was thinking as she rolled to near transparency her crust how utter appealing were the young of any species. New chickens were just an adorable mist of fluff, and there was nothing more cunning than kittens. Then take Honey, with that dagger of a pink tongue darting out of the small mouth beneath the chill, doggy nose. And that absurd spot on the tip of an otherwise white tail.

Pretty sweet was Honey. Then babies! Chickens, and kittens and even Honey were hum drum compared to human babies. The dewiness of them, the dear helplessness they had. Why any woman's breath was apt to catch in her throat at the task of attending to a baby. When that child was her own, flesh of her flesh and blood of her blood, the possession of it and the care of it was camping on the threshold of heaven. Julia had never had enough of any of her babies. It had been a gratifying task indeed to be called upon to reline her bassinet the several times motherhood had come to her. Like the chicks, the dewy feathers were off the Manning young now, but there was new joy in watching them strut and stretch and attempt to use their wings... Her children. In the back of her mind washed the murky deposit from the conversation which had depressed her at the Winter Prom last night. It was way back in her mind. In fact it was almost gone from it. How could it stay while one yet baked her own apple pies and welcomed puppies to her home?

It was in the midst of her long thoughts of small things that she looked out the window and saw Jimmy Galvin streaking swiftly up the hill. She saw him coming, his face anxious and strained and his blue eyes blazing the trail ahead. Quickly she met him at the door, oblivious of the fragments of flour caked on her hands, "Jimmy Galvin, whatever is the matter?"

Jimmy didn't even look at the girls who were edging forward with the puppy. His gaze saw only Julia, "Lucy," he gulped past the breath that choked into his throat, "Lucy got hurt. Mom wants you, mam."

"Oh my goodness," cried Julia. It was as though it were one of her own. Little Lucy... who tugged at a finger to lead her through the house.

Washing her hands she spoke briskly over the sound from the faucet, "I'm going with Jimmy now. When Frances comes tell her the ham is for supper and the pie crust is in the cooler." It did not occur to her that she was leaving instructions for carrying on the affairs of the household to Frances and not to her own Clare. Such was Frances's aptitude for domestic affairs that any task was received by her as a privilege rather than a duty. She had come to depend a great deal on the child.

Swiftly she was buttoning her coat and pulling on her hat. She and Jimmy set out, his short legs keeping pace with her in spite of their recent hurried climb. "I'll go ahead," she said kindly. "Yes mam," said Jimmy, at the same time managing to trot manfully on beside her.

*(To be continued)*



# The QUEST for TRUTH

What are the facts about the Miracle of Asti?

The Miracle of Asti took place in that Italian city more than four hundred years ago. A priest who was assailed with temptations against faith was celebrating Holy Mass, when after the Consecration he was surprised to find that even the accidental appearance of the Precious Blood had given way to the real appearance of blood. The contents of the chalice overflowed so that the members of the congregation were able to witness the miracle. The event is commemorated in a fresco by Raphael in the Raffaele rooms of the Vatican.

On August 2, 1931, Italy was the scene of another similar miracle, when at the town of Paganico Sabino in the diocese of Rieti the parish priest was saying Mass in the presence of a large congregation. Just as he had broken the Consecrated Host and was about to place the small particle in the chalice, from this particle there gushed forth blood, which stained the corporal, the altar card, and the veil of the tabernacle. An examination conducted immediately revealed that there were no cuts or abrasions whatever on the priest (no one else was near enough to have caused any blood on the altar) and there was no indications of a bleeding from the nose. The entire congregation witnessed the miracle.

Is there any truth to the argument that where there are many children in a family they are often weak in bodily and mental gifts?

The law of averages would explain that the more numerous the children the more frequent would be defects and illness. However one could compile an almost endless list of large

families from which have emanated some of the world's best scholars, scientists, and artists. This would not seem to substantiate the argument of weakness in mental gifts. Here are a few famous persons, members of large families: St. Aloysius one of eight children, St. Thomas Coleridge of 10, Jefferson Davis 10, Charles Dickens 10, Ben. Franklin 17, Nathan Hale 12, Washington Irving 11, St. Ignatius 13, Card. Vaughan 13, Lord Nelson 11, Gen. Pershing 11, Fred. Ozanam 14, Sir Joshua Reynolds 11, Scott 12, Caruso 19, etc., etc. The position in the line is as often near the last as the first, so the number of births does not seem to affect the distribution of talent or virtue.

Have we any contemporary description of our Lord besides what is contained in the Bible?

Publius Lentulus, President of Judea, sent the following description of Our Lord to the Senate in Rome: "There lives at this time in Judea a man of singular character, whose name is Jesus Christ. The barbarians esteem him a prophet, but his followers adore him as the immediate offspring of the immortal God. He is endowed with such unparalleled virtues as to call back the dead from their graves, and to heal every kind of disease with a word or touch. His person is tall and elegantly shaped—his aspect amiable, reverend. His hair flows in those beautiful shades which no united colors can match, falling in graceful curls below his ears, agreeably crouching on his shoulders, and parting on the crown of his head like the head dress of the sect of Naines. His forehead is smooth and large, his cheeks without spot save that of a

lovely red; his nose and mouth are formed with an exquisite symmetry; his beard is thick and suitable to the hair of the head, reaching a little below his chin, and parting in the middle a little, like a fork; his eyes are bright, clear, and serene. He rebukes with majesty, counsels with mildness and invites with the most tender and persuasive language. His whole address, whether in word or deed, being elegant, grave, and strictly characteristic of so exalted a being. No man has seen him laugh, but the whole world beheld him weep frequently; and so persuasive are his tears that none can refrain from joining in sympathy with him. He is very moderate and wise. In short, whatever this phenomenon may turn out in the end, he seems at present a man, for excellent beauty and divine perfection, every way surpassing the children of men.

Is celibacy without immorality possible?

A certain old lady makes no bones about her answer when the Catholic priesthood is involved. "Impossible!" she fumes. "Celibacy's against nature. It's a gross hypocrisy that fools the fools, degrades virgins and—and—" and on she goes about tunnels and convents and orphan asylums, until her daughter, beautiful, twenty-eight, and unmarried, has to rush for the smelling salts and the aromatics.

In the United States there are more than twenty million unmarried adults—some of them relatives and friends of mine and yours. Who is to accuse even a majority of grievous immorality.

You and I know many moral unmarried men and women who have chosen the single life for purely



worldly reasons, because they were called neither to the married nor religious state. Knowing this, how can anyone cast the shadow of suspicion on the Catholic priest, who vows both celibacy and chastity—who receives daily the many graces which God bestows on his priests—whose duties leave little time for any worldly thoughts? Common sense gives the answer.

Is a celibate clergy practical? How often have you read of the Catholic priest at home and in foreign lands, sticking to his post through war and, rebellion through fire and flood, through famine and plague—rushing into the worst dangers and staying there till his work has been done or his life taken. Courage? Yes, but more than that—an undivided allegiance to his duty and to his God. Is a celibate priesthood practical? Who can deny it when the real test comes?

Is clerical celibacy historical? Did Christ command it? No, but He Himself practiced it and advised it when He told the rich young man

that to be perfect he must leave all things and follow Him. St. Peter, 'tis true, was a married man, but at the time that Christ called him either his wife was dead, or he had left her to follow his Master. All the other Apostles, so far as the Bible shows, were unmarried. St. Paul, the great celibate, advised in no uncertain terms the state of celibacy for those who were called. The early Fathers gave the same advice and from the earliest days celibacy was willingly practiced by most of the clergy. At the time of Leo the Great (440-461), the law of priestly celibacy was made obligatory throughout the Western Church.

Can a Catholic man who has been married outside the Church to a non-Catholic woman separate from her and marry a Catholic woman in the Church?

It is practically impossible in any "Question Box" ever to give a complete and satisfactory answer to such question as the above on matrimonial cases. There are so many affecting

circumstances involved in most cases that the only answer can be: "Consult the pastor." Even the pastor in most cases must refer the case to the diocesan matrimonial board. However, THE GRAIL offers here a table which may serve as a kind of guide to those who are concerned about a marriage, their own or another's. While these answers are correct if there are no altering circumstances, we suggest that in each case the pastor be consulted.

## ARCHBISHOP ON AIR



### The Status of a Marriage performed before a non-Catholic minister or a Civil Magistrate<sup>1</sup>

Between

Two non-baptized persons	is	valid	valid	valid	valid
Baptized Protestant and unbaptized person	is	valid	invalid	valid	valid
Two baptized Protestants	is	valid	valid	valid	valid
A Catholic and unbaptized person <sup>2</sup>	is	valid	invalid	invalid	invalid
A Catholic and baptized Protestant <sup>3</sup>	is	valid	valid	invalid	invalid
Two Catholics <sup>4</sup>	is	valid	invalid	invalid	invalid

Footnotes:

<sup>1</sup> It is supposed here that the facts of baptism, of the religion of the contracting parties, date and place of marriage, and minister, have all been established. Only the LAW is here dealt with—and not all possibilities are included.

<sup>2</sup> The decree *Tametsi* was in force only where it had been promulgated—not in all dioceses. In each case one must determine whether it was promulgated locally. It was in force until Easter, 1908, when it was superseded by another decree, *Ne Temere*.

<sup>3</sup> The *Ne Temere* was binding until the new Code of Canon Law superseded it, 1918.

<sup>4</sup> Canon 1094 is identical with *Ne Temere* and practically the same as *Tametsi*.

<sup>5</sup> Catholics marrying under a non-Catholic minister are excommunicated. Canon 2319.

If contracted before 1908 where "Tametsi" was not in force.<sup>2</sup>

If contracted where "Tametsi" was in force supplemented by Benedictine Concession of 1741. (Before April 1908)

If contracted where "Ne Temere" was binding (April 1908—May 1918)<sup>3</sup>

If contracted under New Code of Canon Law (since May, 1918)<sup>4</sup>

MILLIONS of radio listeners will hear for the first time on December 7, second anniversary of Pearl Harbor, Archbishop Francis J. Spellman's "An American Creed," inspired by his memories of visits with thousands of American boys he met and led in worship on his recent overseas tour of 34 countries. To a background of inspiring music, Archbishop Spellman, head of the Roman Catholic Archdiocese of New York City, will recite the tribute on NBC's weekly "Salute To Youth" broadcast over a nationwide network at 7:30 p.m. (EWT).

# Meditorials

Paschal Boland, O.S.B.

There is not much difference between blarney and "boloney!"

*The dead cannot ask for our prayers; therefore we should always pray for them.*

Pride is often the Ethiopian in our spiritual wood-piles.

*When we fail before man how we strive to explain and to justify ourselves, but do we do it when we fail in God's sight!*

Kindness is a language that even dumb animals understand.

*There are two ways of not doing things: Being too busy or being too lazy.*

Words that flame from the mouth in anger leave ashes of remorse for the morrow.

*More quickly than a caterpillar crawling on its belly, grovelling on the ground and feeding on refuse can become a beautiful butterfly floating heaven-wards and sipping the nectar of flowers, can a sinner become a saint.*

Seek God and He will seek you.

*Poverty of spirit is as important to the poor as to the rich.*

The more guilty a sinner is the louder he cries: "Not guilty!"

*There is no substitute for the love of God.*

Many pass through the gates of Paradise by hiding under Mary's mantle.

*Truth is the best policy for diplomacy, for then one does not have to remember what lies one told or what subterfuges were used.*

The only good reason that one can have for refusing to speak to another is that it would be an occasion of mortal sin—unless the other is deaf!

*Hatred is a deadly reptile to him that nurses it in his heart and he cannot escape being fatally bitten.*

God planned parenthood for begetting children, but now men have planned it for not begetting children.

*Love glows steady like a pure white flame; passion flares red and wild.*

The last day will reveal how many got to Heaven on the wing and the prayer of their Guardian Angel.

*The pause that refreshes is a visit to the Blessed Sacrament.*

One thing that we might try rationing ourselves is our offense against God—yes, give up our sins!

*Prayer is the pass-word to Heaven.*

Human nature is the common denominator of all men.

*Little worries become great by reason of personal ownership.*

Wealth can beget pleasure, but not always happiness.

*It is the policy of the world to return evil for good, and insults for favors.*

You cannot lead the parade by watching it go by.

*A drunk is not a reliable witness of his own sobriety.*

Love is the fine art of passion.

*Take care of present problems and the future ones will be provided for in their turn.*

Culture is more than a polished surface, a sweet way of speaking, and silken gloves.


*Pleasure is of the body; happiness is of the soul.*

The soul that is too proud to accept direction has already lost the way to God.

*A woman's fortune may be her face, but it may be an evil fortune if it leads her to sin.*

If we had Heaven on earth there would be no need for Heaven.

*One lives and learns detachment. All is passing save God.*



"—it was about the lady  
in the other bed that she  
was mad."

Frances Denham

## Aunt Tish has a Major Operation



ISSY, she's my nurse, says no matter what comes, there's a blessing wrapped up in it somewhere. A blessing is something you've got to be thankful for.

You can just be thankful every day, but when Christmas comes, you can have a sort of reunion (you know like when all of the family get together) of all blessings, big and little, throughout the year and be thankful for them all at once.

Sissy's awful, I mean very good. We live with my Aunt Tish, who is good too and awf—I mean real rich.

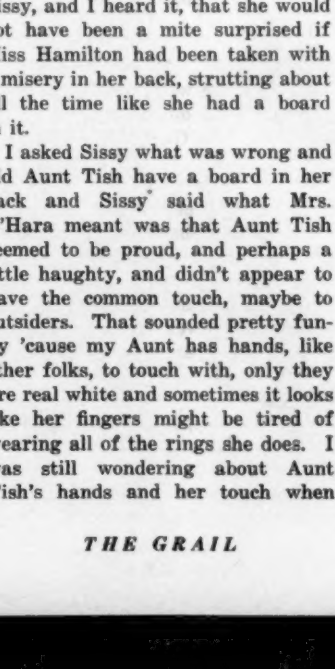
I'm eleven; you might say twelve; going on is what I am. We all go to St. John's. Aunt Tish gave two beautiful windows in memory of my Papa and Mamma, who are dead. They died, which is why I live with my Aunt. Sissy was her companion. When I got here, just three I was, my Aunt told Sissy that I needed a nurse far more than she needed a companion, which is why I got Sissy. Always I am thankful for Sissy, who has ribbons of white in her hair; it's not white snow drifts like Aunt Tish's. Her eyes are soft—they look like pansies with dew melting into them, purple pansies. Even when I have one of my stubborn streaks,

which Aunt Tish says must have come from Mamma's side (Aunt Tish is Pape's older sister) Sissy doesn't look at me thru her lorgnette, which makes eyes look real strict. 'Course Sissy couldn't very well look thru a lorgnette, on account she doesn't have one like Aunt Tish has.

One Sunday we had just got home from early Mass when Aunt Tish got a pain in her side. I was so scared. It did not seem like Aunt Tish lying so white and still and not telling any one what to do.

Mrs. O'Hara, that's cook, told Sissy, and I heard it, that she would not have been a mite surprised if Miss Hamilton had been taken with a misery in her back, strutting about all the time like she had a board in it.

I asked Sissy what was wrong and did Aunt Tish have a board in her back and Sissy said what Mrs. O'Hara meant was that Aunt Tish seemed to be proud, and perhaps a little haughty, and didn't appear to have the common touch, maybe to outsiders. That sounded pretty funny 'cause my Aunt has hands, like other folks, to touch with, only they are real white and sometimes it looks like her fingers might be tired of wearing all of the rings she does. I was still wondering about Aunt Tish's hands and her touch when



Sissy said,  
"Stephanie,  
your aunt is a  
very proud woman,  
very rich, but with her  
pride and her wealth, she  
has a loving heart. Never  
forget that, she's been good to  
me and you know how wonderful  
she's been to you."

That's right, I have just about everything—much more than any of the other girls at St. John's school.

Well now about Sissy, on Christmas Eve, ever since I can remember she's fixed baskets for other families. Always she puts in something extra—something not to eat, well like last year she sent an old man and his wife a real swell basket. (There's that word again, Aunt Tish doesn't like me to say it and she doesn't like 'awful' either and they are my two very favorite words —'swell' and 'awful'.) Really there's no other way to tell you about that basket except by using 'swell.' Anyhow Sissy also had the florist send out a poinsettia just a big stalk it

was with little flowers all over it. Aunt Tish just about died. The very idea, she said, of sending those old folks a potted plant when they needed a pot of beans. Sissy laughed and patted Aunt Tish on the shoulder. "Yes I know they need beans, Miss Tish, that's why I put a sack of them in their basket, but they need beauty too—they need to know that someone cares enough about them to send a bit of blossoming sunshine,—like a poinsettia. They will see that the beauty of the poinsettia is there in their rather mean little rooms, just as it was in the expensive surroundings of a floral shop. *Where* that flower is can not make any difference; it will bloom gloriously for the Master Gardener who planted it."

Aunt Tish coughed and told Sissy that she was an incurable sentimentalist.



**STARTED** to tell you about Aunt Tish. The doctor sent her to the hospital which was Sunday noon, and on Tuesday they let Sissy and me go to see her. She was just stewing when we got there. She was whispering real loud to us, I mean to Sissy but I could hear her

and I know the lady in the other bed could hear too. I felt awful funny because it was about the lady in the other bed that she was mad. She wanted a private room. Didn't seem like that should have made any difference cause Aunt Tish had the top of the dresser full of her flowers. I read all of the cards and they all belonged to Aunt Tish. There was a little table between the beds and all of the bottles on it belonged to Aunt Tish. There were lotion and cologne in them. I guess the folks of the other lady hadn't been to see her on account none of her things was in the room. She had her eyes shut and looked like a real little lady. She was lying on her side, but I tip-toed over and looked at her.

Aunt Tish told Sissy that she should go to the desk and demand a private room for her, that she was no charity patient.

Sissy began explaining how awfully crowded the hospital was and that it was fortunate that they even had a bed for her, which set Aunt Tish to stewing something fierce. "It's a pretty pass," and she forgot to whisper it, "when Tish Hamilton can't have a room in a hospital, a room alone, and not with just any one."

I was still looking at the other lady and I saw her eyelids sort of tremble and a tear was rolling down her cheek. I felt something awful on account she knew Aunt Tish didn't want her there, so I said, "Hello, you know my aunt is delirious." She smiled at me, just like I have imagined a grandma should smile, only I never did have a grandma.

"I guess my Aunt is not out from under the ether yet—I guess ether makes you say funny things—I know they said I did when I had my tonsils taken out." I opened my mouth so that she could see I really had had an operation too.

Sissy was reading some letters to my aunt so I talked with the little old lady. She did not have any folks she said—well she had a grandson who was in Sicily but she did not want him to know she had to come to a hospital. She said that while she was lying in a white clean bed she thought about him and wondered about the bed he was lying in. She said whenever the gentle Sisters came in she wondered if her grandson had gentle soothing hands to care for him if he were hurt or sick. While we had been talking Sissy had quit reading to Aunt Tish—they were listening to my new friend—Mrs. Bradley, she was—and me talking.

Well I looked over at Aunt Tish and do you know that gladness and tears seemed all mixed up in her eyes—she called me over to her bed and put out her hand—"Stephanie, child, thank you for coming here, come back tomorrow evening will you, with Sissy."

Going home I told Sissy that I did

hope that they would not move Mrs. Bradley from Aunt Tish's room and Sissy held my hand very tight and said that she did not believe they would.

I quit thinking about Aunt Tish and Mrs. Bradley on account of Christmas was so near. I get real excited about Christmas, you know kind of all glad inside, but I was thinking about the two sick ones the next evening when we went to the hospital.

On the table by the bed there was a great poinsettia—awfully pretty it was, and Mrs. Bradley said that it was from my aunt to her and all her very own. She would look at it and smile, well kinda like Sissy smiles at me sometimes when I've made a good grade at school, but Sissy can never smile at my arithmetic grades, which subject I don't like on account I'm real dumb in it.

Aunt Tish said that in about another week she was coming home—she'd be home for Christmas and she said, "Sissy, the hospital is so crowded, I'm bringing Mrs. Bradley with me. All she needs now is rest—she can get that at our house, particularly with Stephanie in school a good part of the time," and she smiled at me, which I liked very much.

Sissy and I walked home in the darkness. Sissy was holding my hand. "We are going to have a wonderful Christmas, Stephanie and we can be thankful that an operation for appendicitis can remove more than a bad appendix."

I asked Sissy if Aunt Tish had something besides her appendix cut out and Sissy said that we must hurry home.

After I had said my prayers Sissy came in to see that I had the covers tucked under my feet and she bent over my bed and said, "Stephanie dear, I'm very proud of you—so long as our Church has little channels, or children like you, faith and blessing will flow out into a world that needs them and love will flow into hearts that tend to shrivel and harden."

Well I don't know just what Sissy meant but I know that I was real glad inside, but then I always get that way with Christmas day so close.



# CHRISTIAN DEMOCRACY

## *The Eleventh Article*

H. C. McGinnis

WE SHALL now set down the main items which will bring about economic democracy. Since many proposals would establish unusual departures from our present ways of doing things, they must be explained carefully so that their full import and feasibility may be seen. Our most binding obligation to thoughtfully study such matters has been well put by a British pastoral: "Unless we as Catholics take our place in leading the way, with the help of all those men of good will whom our Holy Father welcomes to our side because they also love God and our Lord, we cannot expect a new national life to be built on sound Christian doctrines." Since there are many good Catholics who feel that the social question is not a Catholic one—tho' it falls wholly within the realm of Caesar—let us see what Leo XIII said about it in his encyclical on Christian Democracy: "We have designedly made mention here of virtue and religion. For, it is the opinion of some, and the error is already very common, that the social question is merely an economic one, whereas in point of fact, it is above all a moral and religious matter, and for that reason must be settled by the principles of morality and the dictates of religion. For even though wages are doubled and the hours of labor shortened and food is cheapened, yet if the working man hearkens to the doctrines that are taught on this subject, as he is prone to do, and is prompted by the examples set before him to throw off respect for God and enter a life of immorality, his labors and his gain will avail him naught." Therefore our approach to the solution of our economic and social woes must be the spiritual and moral one, not the naturalistic one, and our conscientious endeavors to bring proper solutions into being must be regarded as our Christian duty.

The first proposal—although not necessarily first in importance—is that of labor's sharing industry's profits and, wherever possible, in management. As we have previously mentioned, this proposal has already been tried with astounding success. Not only have the workers made startling gains but also the profits of the employers have been increased to an almost unbelievable degree. Pope Leo XIII, who advocated profit-sharing, predicted

such gains for all concerned. Although the plan has failed in many instances, the failures were mostly due to improper methods of profit-sharing.

However, it must be admitted that many businesses make very meagre profits for their owners. Under Liberalism, big business usually squeezes little business to the wall whenever possible, allowing it a margin of profit barely sufficient for continuance in business. In other cases, the final steps of production of given articles take a very heavy profit, while those engaged in the primary steps of production get very little. This can be seen easily in clothing, for example. In normal times, the cotton which makes up a \$2 shirt brings the cotton producer around 10¢. The cotton producer must furnish the land, the seed, the labor, the equipment, and the harvesting, in addition to facing all the hazards of pests and weather, yet he receives only around 5% for the material which makes up the article. True, other steps do enter into shirt production, but they scarcely start to compare with the labor and hazards which enter into the production of the cotton itself. No wonder pre-war times often found Southern laborers receiving only 7¢ an hour for hoeing cotton, thus creating economic conditions closely akin to peonage. In a previous chapter we saw how great is the spread between the prices received by growers for their cereal grains and the prices at which these products are packaged and retailed. Sometimes the spread is as great as 1700%. In such cases—and the same conditions apply in the production of many products other than agricultural ones—it is very obvious that profit-sharing would mean little to the original producers' workers and might mean the producers' bankruptcy. To remedy such conditions, the bishops of the combined English and Welsh hierarchies have proposed that the wages, costs and profits all along the line in the production of a given article be pooled and then distributed according to the amount of work, skill, and venture taken by each contributing part. For instance, let us take woolen clothes. All concerned in the production of a wool suit would form a sort of guild, somewhat like the guilds formerly in vogue. This guild would be composed of the wool producers, the cloth manufac-

turers, the garment makers, and all those engaged in intermediate steps. The final profit would then be divided among the various owners and workers in the various steps of production according to their contributions to that final profit. This would permit the wool-producer, who now must pay niggardly wages to his laborers, to pay wages more equal to those paid for common labor in the factories and later steps of production. Such a system would be a great deal fairer than our present one in which the lower steps—and usually most vital ones—are made the victims of excessive profit-taking by those higher up.

The above suggestions really tend toward the payment of a living wage for all, as so frequently called for in papal encyclicals. In this connection the Australian hierarchy recently called for the payment of a living wage, with those employers making small profits being helped out by the government which would secure the money necessary by taxing those who make excessive profits. This would, in effect, work out much like the guild arrangement except that instead of those concerned entering into an agreement, the government would take the responsibility of seeing that a fair division exists. In its proposition, however, the Australian plan calls for the establishment of the family as the economic unit instead of the individual worker. Hence, under it, the worker would be paid according to his individual contribution to production and then paid additional amounts according to the number of mouths he has to feed. Thus the young, the aged, and the incapacitated can be taken care of by their families and relatives, and through the head of the house draw what is necessary to their maintenance instead of depending upon government pensions. Since industry must ultimately provide for all such dependents, the Australian plan goes straight to the problem's roots and wants the employers to immediately handle such matters out of profits rather than pay the equivalent amount in taxes which later lose part of their value through bureaucratic costs.

Another problem which worries many workers is the question of an annual wage. Many industries which could provide year-round employment for their workers are deliberately run on a seasonal basis. This is because the operators can make higher profits by operating seasonally and because of arbitrary controls by employers who fail to take the interests of their workers to heart. Families must eat 365 days a year, regardless of how many months the wage-earner may be furnished employment. Where businesses cannot be other than seasonal, either the wages while working should be

raised to a basis which will provide at least in part for the idle months or else planning should relocate businesses so that their seasonal activities may supplement one another. As matters now stand, many workers receive what seem high wages while working but which, when spread over a year's time, mean only an existence. The readjustments called for by the British bishops are not as difficult as they first sound. While they would require widespread changes in industry, these changes must come in any event if the conditions of mankind are to be bettered. We must not overlook the fact that the postwar period will see the world's workers making demands for drastic changes for the betterment of their conditions and before long we shall become accustomed to many departures from the now accepted way of handling our economic matters. Many of our problems can be quickly solved by making the family—which Pius XII calls "that unique cell of the people"—the new economic unit instead of the individual wage-earner.

Pius XII recently stated the necessity for housing "worthy of human persons." Somewhat before, the British definitely proposed that all families have houses with a minimum number of rooms. This would prevent slums and the crowded conditions which produce poor health and poorer morals. Some plans call for the financing of proper homes to become the direct responsibility of the employers, with government help to be available when the employers are unable to shoulder the burden. In any event, it is industry as a whole which must provide the funds, for there is nowhere else from which the money can possibly come. The solution lies in the proper distribution of industry's profits—something which will cause the pockets of the monopolists to suffer but which will improve the conditions of the working classes. The furnishing of educational opportunities equal to the talents of youth and the establishment of various forms of social security to supplement what the workers and their families can or else cannot do for themselves come under arrangements similar to those which must be decided upon for proper housing. Should employers be unwilling to agree to a better distribution of industry's profits so that a greater common good may ensue, then government, representing the community at large, must step in to compel a proper distribution. Said Pius XI: "It must be the especial care of the State to create those conditions of life without which an orderly society cannot exist." Said Leo XIII in *Rerum Novarum*: "Whenever the general interest of any particular class suffers or is threatened with evils which can in no other way be met or prevented, the public authority must step in to deal with them."



# The World's Best Seller



**W**ORLD WAR II has unified the English speaking races. It has made us realize how many things we have in common. The Bible is one of these. Before the War, there were more than three quarters of a million Bibles sold in Britain every year—one for every baby born. In the past quarter of a century some twenty millions of new Bibles have gone into the homes of England, Scotland and Wales.

The United States is an equally great distributor of "the World's best seller." What happens to these millions of Bibles on both sides of the Atlantic? Where are they hidden?

Catholic editions of the Bible declare that it may be used by the faithful with great spiritual profit, provided it be read with due reverence, and with proper dispositions. But the Catholic gets his religion from the Church, the Voice of Christ.

With the Protestant it is different. He claims his religion is founded on the Bible alone. For nearly five centuries, practically down to World War I, the Anglo Saxon race was the people of a book, and that book was the Bible. Men and women suffered persecution and death to assert the right of common folk to read the Scrip-

tures in their own tongue. For almost three centuries, from the publication of the Authorized Version the Bible was the most read book in Britain.

Up to the end of the Victorian era Bible reading and family worship were a daily exercise in a vast number of homes, and there are many records of the founders of some still existing business in the City of London reading the Bible to their assembled clerks before the day's work began. Today, it would seem on both sides of the Atlantic that the reading of the Bible as a daily act of life is almost extinct.

Even in Bible-loving Scotland it would be very difficult to parallel the once common incident described by Burns in "Cotter's Saturday Night":

The cheerfu' supper done, wi' serious face,  
They round the ingle form a circle wide;  
The Sire turns o'er, wi' patriarchal grace,  
The big ha' Bible, once his father's pride;  
His bonnet rev'rently is laid aside,  
His lyart haffets wearing thin an' bare;  
Those strains that once did sweet in Zion glide,  
He wales a portion with judicious care;  
And "Let us worship God!" he says, with solemn air."





Over a generation ago these acts of reverence were a regular happening in countless homes in every parish of Scotland. Two generations ago, there were men and women in Scotland who had the reputation of knowing many parts of the Bible by heart.

In World War I the Bible was much in evidence. Admiral Lord Fisher was a constant Bible reader. Earl Haig kept a Bible on his desk at Army Headquarters and read it daily, sometimes alone and sometimes to his personal staff. Today, in the days of World War II, the rising generation has got it into its head that because the Bible is old it must be old-fashioned and therefore dull.

Why has the Bible been neglected today? Have gloom and mystery been identified with religion by the average non-Catholic? Is the Bible now regarded as the enemy of joy? Somehow or other moderns have been led to think that Bible reading is an irksome duty. "The pleasure age" before World War II and "the gloom age" during the World War II do not favor reading the Bible for conscience sake.

In reality the Bible is the most companionable and thrilling volume in the world. It is not a book. It is a library—the most comprehensive "omnibus" in all literature. There is something in it that reacts to every mood and situation in an average person's life—romance, drama, poetry, history, politics, philosophy, economics, and above all "the ONLY rule of life."

The Bible is the greatest story book ever written. It alone tells the most beautiful of all stories, the story of Creation and the history of the World to the days of Christ. Scattered in between the story of Creation and the Ministry of Christ are numerous other stories. It is packed full of them.

There is the book of Ruth or the parable of "the prodigal son" as told in the fifteenth Chapter of St. Luke. They are the most exquisite short stories in literature. The book of Esther, the story of Sampson, and the life of David, are cavalcades of adventure, intrigue and romance in the tents of Captains and the palaces of Kings. These are only a few of the literary gems that adorn the Bible.

Leaving the Old Testament, we turn to the sublimest biography that was ever penned. That unique and beautiful story of Christ. The beauty of that story grows as the Person of Christ is studied in the complete setting of the Old and New Testaments. Read the Gospel of St. Luke for the most stupendous biography in literature. Read it for the happy illustrations of the parables, and see how clearly they suggest the solution of most of the

problems and worries that assail everyone in the home, the factory, the office, and the field. This beautiful Gospel shows an appreciation of the sympathy and compassion which underlies the stories of the miracles.

Today, when statesmen are extolling the Atlantic Charter, let us turn for a clear insight into that New and Christly way of looking at life which the world most needs today. The Sermon on the Mount can never be surpassed. It is God's "Great Charter of Liberty and Peace." It alone brings happiness in time and eternity.

God's Charter was not delivered from the deck of a ship but from a mountain top.

"And opening his mouth he taught them, saying: "Blessed are the poor in spirit: for theirs is the Kingdom of Heaven.

"Blessed are the meek: for they shall possess the land.

"Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted.

"Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after justice: for they shall have their fill.

"Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy.

"Blessed are the clean of heart: for they shall see God.

"Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall be called the Children of God.

"Blessed are they that suffer persecution for justice' sake: for theirs is the Kingdom of Heaven.

"Blessed are ye when they revile you and persecute you, and speak all that is evil against you untruly, for my sake;

"Be glad and rejoice, for your reward is very great in heaven, for so they persecuted the prophets that were before you."

When the Atlantic Charter is as dead as the fourteen points of President Wilson, Christ's Charter will be as compelling as ever. For the Sermon on the Mount is the treasure house of the Bible. It alone can give national and individual happiness.

There is no short cut to the enjoyment of the Bible. It is the only inspired Book in the World and that makes it unique. As literature, it stands alone among the volumes of the world. It is history, science, drama, philosophy, biography, etc. Above all, it gives the ONLY rule of life which leads to national and individual happiness. It is the only comprehensive "omnibus" in all literature. It points the way to happiness for those countless young men and women on both sides of the Atlantic who have never looked within its covers.



# Let's Browse around



All Books may be ordered from The Grail, St. Meinrad, Indiana

## CHILDREN UNDER FIRE

By S. M. C.

THE ALMOST anonymous author of *Brother Petroc's Return* and now the recorder of England's war-time experience with children, is a member of the English Dominican Congregation of St. Catherine of Siena. There is, of course, no similarity to any of her novels in this eye-witness's description of the school life in western England during and after the blitz. In an easy, epistolary style the Sister writes only her own experiences and observations, unadorned, unexaggerated, without boastfulness or even a very confident tone that her observations are of any value.

But they really are of value, not only as a study in child psychology, but as an indication of what total war can do to an educational system. Where classes must be merged and re-merged several times a year; where one child can have as many as seven teachers in two years; where the children must spend half the night in a Morrison shelter, and part of the day sweeping up the debris of a hit-and-run raid, they are not receiving the book learning required for a Regis test. They are, no doubt, receiving a very practical education for the vicissitudes of life.

In general Sister tells us that the children were calm and unafraid. She does not conceal the fact, though, that some rarely smiled, some like scared rabbits darted for shelter at the sound of any plane. She narrates the sad incident of one boy of

seven years standing for three days at the classroom door and shouting "Bombs, bombs!" That children as well as grown-ups are "a little difficult to deal with" under such circumstances, is not surprising. (J. P.) \$1.50

## MY FAMILY, RIGHT OR WRONG

By John Philip Sousa III

POP, MRS. SOUSA, Nancy, Tommy, John, and the irrepressible Red are truly a wacky family. If any of them ever did a natural thing in a normal human way, it is not recorded in this satire on the eccentricities of a devil-may-care father, an impulsive and forgetful mother, and a sister immune to work, study, or thought.

Pop had a fondness for fire-arms and fishing tackle; the first he used on small boys, and the gold fish and turtles he threw down the toilet; but he enjoyed himself *always*. He was adept in the art of making "orange blossoms" and their effect was vouched for when he set himself up as local dog chaser in a wheel chair, and got his exercise throwing the furniture down the stairs. Mother Sousa asked thoughtless questions, but usually fell asleep before they could be answered. If she wasn't going to bed she was getting up from bed, usually to go out on the staircase for vocalization at Tommy or Nancy or just anybody in general. Obligated once to sit on cold beer to conceal it from a police matron she developed a case of grippe and for once had a valid excuse for going to bed—as if she needed one. The go-

ings-on are preposterous. It is a perpetual jag—a flock of screw-balls in an unguarded madhouse.

John Philip Sousa, associated with the *Time* editorial staff, makes no pretense of writing his family history in the accepted biographical sense. He describes the nightmare of a family growing up without system or any kind of inhibition. Of course, it is all done in fun. But one wonders if the book does not prove another of those instances in which "Enough is too much." A serious vein here and there would have set up a contrast and welcome relief from the constant chatter. One of the elements in humor is surprise, but the surprises here are so frequent that the reader becomes accustomed to them and is no longer shocked into laughter, even when conventionalities are flagrantly set aside. (J. P.) \$2.00

## THE PEOPLE FROM HEAVEN

By John Sanford

ONLY in the broadest possible sense can this book be called a novel. It is a cruel exposé of the ignorance and vice of the dregs of humanity gathered together in the imaginary community of Warrensburg. If Mrs. Gaskell's "Cranford" was a town of eccentric spinstresses, Warrensburg, unbelievably devoid of God's grace and dry of the milk of human kindness, is a thousand times worse. Mr. Sanford has a purpose—to flay the racial and religious prejudice rampant in American small towns. With the righteous indignation of a prophet gone mad he

slashes, cuts, burns, and curses in what is doubtless the most violent literary explosion ever set off. Swift's condemnation of man in his "Voyage to Brobdingnag" is complimentary compared with *The People from Heaven*. And what is most painful about the book is its truthfulness; not perhaps in the lives of all Americans, but in the lives of a great many of them. The scornful attitude toward religion and all it represents, the loose and slatternly women, the rude males who think no good, speak no good, and do no good, are not material for pleasant reading. The stark realism makes it nauseating fare.

The concentration of coarse characters, vile language, and profound ignorance make it the most bitter satire ever written about Americans. Dickens and Mrs. Trollope, Shaw and Shepherd have not spared us, but it is left for our own Mr. Sanford to strip us of conventional decency and stand us before the world in all our naked shame. May no foreigner ever judge us Americans by the specimens living in Warrensburg, for they deserved, one and all, the treatment they received. Yet the lesson will not hurt us:

"O wad some Power the giftie gie us,  
To see oursels as ithers see us!"

The style is that of an author carried beyond himself by his disgust, but despite the multitude of highly exaggerated figures and obscene descriptions, (he has drawn pictures that dwarf Hogarth), the irony in the title and in several sections of the book is classical.

The unworthy preacher delivers his last sermon from an overturned privy, the Bible furnishing the text: "I will make man in my image and after my likeness...." (This book is not recommended for general reading.) (J. P.) Price \$2.50

#### WHAT OTHER ANSWER By Dorothy Fremont Grant

**I**N HONESTY I must admit that what John Moody says in the preface to this book was uppermost in my mind as I began to read—another convert tells of her conversion. It seems that converts from St. Paul to our own times are so appreciative of their new-found

treasure that like the woman in the Gospel, they must invite their friends to rejoice with them over the pearl that was lost and found again.

*What Other Answer* is not entirely another conversion story. It is true it is written by a convert, the niece of John Moody, who entered the Church as a distinguished convert himself in 1931. Mrs. Grant was baptized on Labor Day, 1934. But after the first chapter, which records in diary form the transformation of an attitude from one of mild hostility to one of enthusiastic receptivity, the author dwells very little on her own conversion. Her title, complete, might read: "What other answer to the world's besetting problems but the religion of the Catholic Church." Hence it is with a view to proving the Church's practical worth in times of need as well as in times of peace that Mrs. Grant becomes an apologist for her faith. That we are still able to limp along is due to the momentum that the ages of faith created. The book is an eloquent plea for a return to Christianity in worship, in homelife, education, and industry. There alone is "the complete answer to the riddle of our beginning and our end." In style the book is light and popular, bending slightly toward the playful. The author has non-Catholic readers in mind throughout, and they will enjoy the book without

fear of being insulted or condescendingly addressed.

One might wish Mrs. Grant had spent as much time expounding the peaceful joys of a sincere Catholic as she did in lamenting the lack of them on the part of those outside the fold, especially since she says, "we have a golden opportunity if not an imperative obligation to try to show the joy and share the promise of our faith." But Mrs. Grant is a writer, and doubtless she will before long get around to such a book. She could do it well. (J. P.) Price \$2.75

#### HOLY HOUR

By Father Mateo Crawley-Boevey, S.S.CC.

**T**HE NAME of Father Mateo is synonymous in Europe and in America with consecration and devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus. Enjoying a personal mission from the late Holy Father Pius XI he has literally spent himself in furthering the social position of Christ as King of the World. Those who have been privileged to attend his retreats have been awed by his zeal and sincerity and edified at the total disregard for his own failing health when there was an opportunity to instill into another breast the love for the Sacred Heart.

The wish of hundreds has been fulfilled now that Father Mateo's thoughts and prayers are presented in the form of printed meditations. Arranged for Holy Hours for the First Friday of each month of the year and for a few outstanding feasts, for the Family and for Religious Communities, these prayers and meditations are priceless.

The entire book is original. It is not a compilation or arrangement of litanies and prayers that can be found elsewhere. Each line is composed exclusively for the occasion. Responses are worked in and the whole is most useable; type large, size convenient, and price within reach. The following members of the hierarchy give hearty endorsements to the work: the Most Reverend Archbishops Cantwell, Kiley, Floersch, Beckman. Bishop Buddy of San Diego wrote the introductory "Appreciation." Price Paper \$1.60, Cloth \$3.00 (J. P.)

#### ANSWERS to "QUOTATIONS AND POETS" p. 393

1. Hilaire Belloc ("Noel").
2. Joseph Mohr ("Silent Night").
3. Robert Southwell ("The Burning Babe").
4. Joyce Kilmer ("Wartime Christmas").
5. Lionel Johnson ("Christmas and Ireland").
6. Gilbert K. Chesterton ("A Child of the Snows").
7. Aubrey De Vere ("A Christmas Carol").
8. Louise Imogen Guiney ("Tryste Noel").
9. Richard Crashaw ("The Shepherd's Hymn").
10. John B. Tabb ("The Light of Bethlehem").

ccend-

had  
g the  
lic as  
k of  
outside  
says,  
f not  
ry to  
omise  
is a  
efore  
She  
\$2.75

ey,

eo is  
d in  
levo-  
esua.  
from  
has  
ring  
King  
been  
have  
erity  
d for  
here  
an-  
cred

been  
teo's  
nted  
ions.  
the  
the  
ding  
Re-  
yers

It is  
nt of  
be  
com-  
sion.  
the  
arge,  
thin  
s of  
rse-  
Rev-  
iley,  
uddy  
tory  
1.60,

nber